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EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

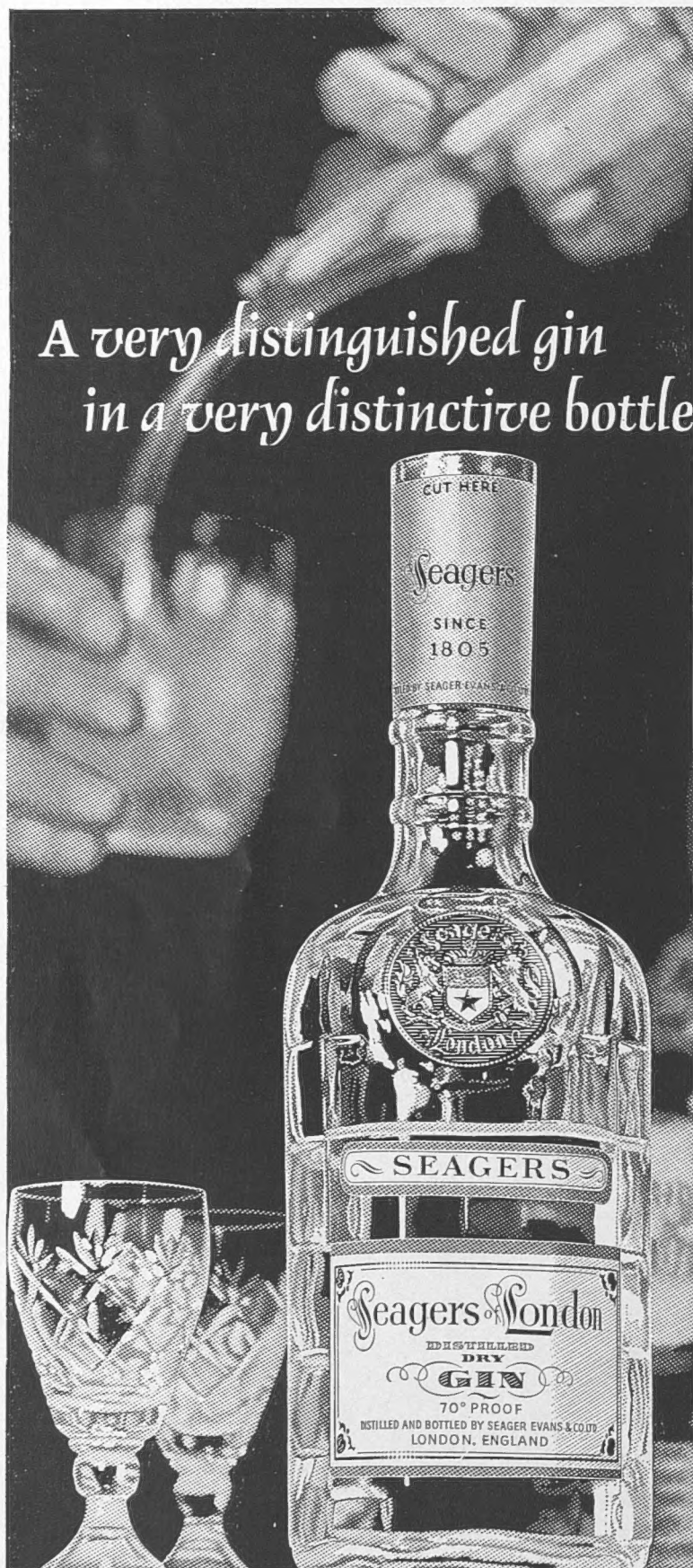


The Glyndebourne opera season is under way, the Chelsea Flower Show has brought out the hats and the hydrangeas . . . summer has arrived. Both of these events lend a summery flavour to the following pages, and for relaxing with a background of gentle surf Unity Barnes suggests some new ideas in swimsuits (page 620). Cover girl wears a bell-sleeved blouse with waves of tropical parrot colours, by Katja of Sweden, 6 gns. at Harrods. Also at County Clothes, Cheltenham; Fiori, Chichester. Photographed by Norman Eales at the Picaroon Cove Club, Harbour Island, Bahamas

GOING PLACES	594	In Britain
	596	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
	598	To Eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
SOCIAL	601	The Queen at Chelsea Flower Show
	602	Glyndebourne Festival Opera Season opens
	602	Muriel Bowen's column
	604	State visit of the Sudan President
	606	One host—two parties
	607	Masked ball at Edinburgh
	607	Letter from Scotland
	608	Society of Authors' dance
FEATURES	610	The soloist flew in this morning . . . : <i>by J. Roger Baker, photographs by Iain Stewart Macmillan</i>
	612	Anatomy of Richmond Green: <i>by Elizabeth Warrington Smyth, photographs by Kate Rivers.</i>
COUNTERSPY	619	Watch the birdie: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
FASHION	620	The new water-babies: <i>by Unity Barnes, photographs by Norman Eales</i>
GOOD LOOKS	628	Eye kit: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
VERDICTS	629	On plays: <i>by Pat Wallace</i>
	630	On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	632	On books: <i>by Oliver Warner</i>
	632	On records: <i>by Gerald Lascelles</i>
	635	On opera: <i>by J. Roger Baker</i>
	636	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
MOTORING	637	The rugged smoothie: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>
DINING IN	638	A multi-purpose pâté: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
ROSE GROWING	639	The Scots roses (2): <i>by G. S. Fletcher</i>
ENGAGEMENTS	640	

IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER: The Shape of the Sixties, pace-setting the mid-century and pin-pointing trends in social life, the arts, theatre and design

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor House, to 25 June.

Richmond Royal Horse Show, 11-13 June.

Aldeburgh Festival, Suffolk, 11-21 June.

Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade, 13 June.

Sussex Festival Dinner, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, 13 June; music and drama, Charleston Manor, Alfriston, 14 June. (KEN 8547.)

Royal Ascot, 16-19 June.

Guards Boat Club Ball, Maidenhead, 17 June.

Sandhurst June Ball, 19 June.

Chiddingfold & Leconfield Hunt Summer Dance, Wepthurst Park, Wisborough Green, 19 June. Tombola, chemin de fer. (Tickets, £2 10s., Mrs. B. S. L. Trafford, Tismans, Rudgwick, Sussex.)

Sandhurst June Ball, 19 June. (Details, Major Ian Forrest, Camberley 21122, Ex. 45.)

Princess Alexandra & the Hon. Angus Ogilvy will attend a ball in aid of the World Wildlife Fund, at Osterley Park, Middlesex, on 22 June.

Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, 22 June-4 July.

Midsummer Night's Dinner, in the Great Hall, Hampton

Court, to celebrate the Shakespeare Quatercentenary, 24 June (Tickets, 10 gns., from the Hon. Organiser, 2 Old Burlington St., W.1.)

Eton v. Winchester, at Eton, 26 June.

British-American Ball, London Hilton, 25 June.

Victoria League Ball, the Dorchester, 30 June. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. dinner from G/Capt. J. G. Glen, BEL 7271.)

Georgian Ball, Mansion House, 1 July, in aid of St. John's, Smith Square. (Tickets, £5 5s., from Lady Parker of Waddington, FRE 2285.)

Henley Royal Regatta, 1-4 July.

Hurlingham Ball, Hurlingham Club, 3 July.

L.T.A. Ball, Grosvenor House, 4 July.

"The Island Run", adventure cruise organized by the National Trust for Scotland. Berths from £45. 12-19 Sept. (CAL 2184/5.)

UNIVERSITY DANCES

Oxford: Hertford Summer Ball; Keble Midsummer Ball; Queen's Summer Ball, 19 June; **Magdalene Commem.; University Commem.; St. John's Commem.**, 22 June; **Worcester 250th Anniversary Ball; Exeter 650th Anniversary Ball; Jesus**

Commem.; Trinity Commem., 23 June.

Cambridge: First & Third Trinity May Ball; Sidney Sussex May Ball; Selwyn May Ball; Churchill May Ball, 15 June; **St. Catharine's May Ball**, 16 June.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Kempton Park, 10; **Beverley, Brighton**, 10, 11; **Sandown Park, Bath, Ayr**, 12, 13; **Newmarket, Thirsk**, 13; **Lewes, Leicester**, 15; **Royal Ascot**, 16-19; **Ripon**, 17 June.

Steeplechasing: Southwell, 13 June.

CRICKET

Old England v. Lord's Taverners, Lord's, 13 June.

Yorkshire v. Australians, 13, 15, 16, Sheffield, 13 June.

Test Match: England v. Australia, Lord's, 18-23 June.

National Book League v. Authors, Vincent Square, Westminster, 17 June.

YACHTING

Tay Week, 13-18 June.

MUSICAL

Royal Hospital Chapel, Chelsea. Peter Katin (piano), recital in aid of the Red Cross, 8 p.m.,

30 June. (Tickets, 6s.-21s., FLA 8714.)

Mermaid Theatre, Perelandra (opera), 21 June. (CIT 7656.)

Country House Concerts. Petworth, Julian Bream (guitar), 7 p.m., 21 June; **Montacute**, Philomusica, cond. Boult, 6.30 p.m., 21 June; **Fenton House**, Hampstead, Yonty Solomon (piano), 8 p.m., 17 June. (PRI 7142.)

Lakeside Concert, Kenwood, L.S.O., cond. Hurst, 8 p.m., 13 June.

Kenwood Chamber Music, Dolmetsch Consort, 7.30 p.m., 14 June.

Lunchtime Concert, Wigmore Hall. Malcolm Binns (piano), 12.45 p.m., 16 June. (Adm.: 2s., students, 6d.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 16 August.

Painting & Sculpture, 1954-64, Tate Gallery, to 28 June.

Barbara Hepworth, Gimpel Fils, S. Molton St., to 27 June.

Shakespeare in the Theatre, Guildhall Art Gallery, to 27 June.

Drawings & Watercolours 1860-1960, Agnew, Old Bond St., to 27 June.

Arts of the Ch'ing Dynasty, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 2 July.

Jennifer Dickson, graphics, the Print Centre, Holland St., to 27 June.

FAIR

World Book Fair, Earls Court, to 20 June.

FIRST NIGHTS

Phoenix. The Golden Rivet, tonight.

Aldwych. The Birthday Party, 18 June.

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GOING PLACES

Regardless of the distance one travels now, at least within Europe, the retreats are rapidly merging with the resorts. Elba, for example, is a retreat in spring, but it emerges into a resort as the summer crowds arrive. Exploring, last month, a comparatively small slice of the Italian coast, between Genoa and the Argentario peninsula, it occurred to me that the real difference is between the places with beaches and those without. The rocky places—Portofino, Portovenere, the Argentario peninsula and even, south of Rome, Positano—have remained, in essence, small and picturesque. The lie of the land is unsuitable for big building. And so “development,” if any, has taken the form of the chic little bars, the rather expensive boutiques, the fishnet-slung restaurants whose prices belie the simplicity of the décor. Your own clothes should do likewise.

It is presupposed that you take out a motorboat or a fishing boat each day (or better, that you have friends with a yacht), and paddle quite expensively around the coast to some more rocks, in order to escape the sightseeing crowds who have come by coach for a midday drink, a souvenir trophy and a snapshot or two of the port.

The various beach resorts, even though they are often interspersed within ten minutes' drive of the rocky ones, have a character totally different: big hotels, an expansion of *pensioni* and villas, lots of shops and cafés, and a cross-section of every class, age group and nationality in Europe lying flat on its back in the path of the sun, oiled to a turn.

Portofino has no doubt changed a good deal since the early 30's when first, because of its simplicity, it became fashionable. Physically it hasn't changed so much in the last six years, except for a converted fishing boat, moored via a creaking gangplank as an extension to one of the bars in the harbour; an innovation that is at least in character. The boutiques have put up their prices and now sell imported Scottish cashmeres along with Pucci's silk pants; and one or two souvenir shops have mush-

roomed. But the tall, slender houses, painted in their smudgy ochre and terra-cotta, with uniform green shutters; the line of the church on the hill, and the sound of its bells; the clutch of cedars on the headland and the ships' masts—all have the old enchantment of this, perhaps the original Mediterranean fishing village, for whose facsimile we have all been searching ever since.

Quite away from the day trippers, Portofino has one of Italy's—indeed, Europe's—great “small” hotels, the Splendido. A converted palazzo built high in the trees and gardens over the harbour, it is a haven of quiet comfort, charming décor (especially the bedrooms) and excellent food. Its restaurant is small and elegant, lit—as are all the rooms—with small crystal chandeliers. Its view is sublime, no less, and it remains open all year. With a boat, you sail round the corner to San Fruttuoso to swim; with a car, five minutes' drive to the dear little beach at Parragi and a splendid lunch on the terrace over the water at the small hotel there.

Looking at a small-scale map of Italy, the next point sticking out into the sea, south of the Portofino peninsula, is headed by the large naval port of La Spezia. Follow a winding yellow road to the tip, and you find Portovenere, a fishing village which, among those I have mentioned, is the least discovered of all, at any rate by foreigners. The local guide book says of it: “the coast presents a typical characteristic: it is by strata which were lifted up from the sea-bottom by far-off upsettings and which are often overturned and twisted, with huge splits or caves more or less deep.” The “upsettings” provided a valuable, natural fortification which the Genoese fortified further, and which they graced with their own lovely buildings: the houses, sometimes seven stories high, are striped within the width of a single window in mimosas, blues, pistachio greens and wild pinks: never, surely, has the prosaic business of property demarcation created, so accidentally, a work of art.

The streets behind the harbour are an arm-span's width,



ABROAD

and its own zany charm, one would not quibble.

Though linked to the mainland by causeway, the Argentario peninsula, about a hundred miles north of Rome, looks and behaves like an island. Revisiting it, I reflected that *only* a lack of beaches could possibly have preserved this nugget of Tuscany and its two charming seaports from the inevitable. And if it has not happened by now—for the place is no longer unknown—it is unlikely to start. Porto Santa Stefano gets along with its own business; the Central remains, not only a café, but the chief centre of communications, informal post office and bank included. Ottavio, the Pace and the Argentario all provide delicious seafood—only incidentally for visitors, for they have plenty of custom of their own. Few locals, and fewer visitors, use the new roads, which end abruptly and peter off into tracks in the hills, scented with syringa, and hedged by wild rosemary and olive groves, with a steep view down to the copper-blue sea at every turn.

The Club Torre di Calapiccola and its stone-built bedroom cottages which step on terraces down to a tiny bay are in one of the most beautiful settings on the peninsula. The swimming pool, high on the headland, has been built around a captive olive tree, and the bar is inside a 12th-century Saracen fortress. Restaurant, boutique, late-supper room, night club, masseuse and hairdresser are all part of its establishment, but the whole thing has been done with such talent that its rustic charm is never lost, and—the greatest compliment I can pay it—it has little or no feeling of a hotel. Rates are from about £4 10s. a day each, inclusive. And the best times to go there are from now until July, or during September and early October.

For Argentario, the nearest airport is Rome. For Portofino and Portovenere, Genoa, newly operated by British United, is the most convenient. Daily Viscount flights (£38 4s.) leave London at 10.45 and arrive at Genoa at 1 p.m. Night flights from £29 10s., with—so far as I am concerned—several stars for good service.

and they run unexpectedly up and down flights of shallow, moss-grown steps, lit at night by uniform wrought-iron lamps, which are copies of the old Etruscan ones. The cathedral of San Lorenzo is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, even in Tuscany. Romanesque, but built on the site of an original Byzantine church, it was restored just before the war—but happily in its original form, and unaccompanied by the late baroque flourishes which have spoiled the interiors of so many Italian churches of the period. An equally lovely, tiny, seventh-century church guards the fortress at the tip of the peninsula; and a little *boîte* which, oddly enough, does not quarrel with it in the least, is embedded in the battlements.

Portovenere is at the southernmost end of one of the most tantalising scraps of Italy: the Cinqueterre, or five towns—Riomaggiore, Manarola, Corniglia, Vernazza and Monterosso—which graze the coast at the foot of the vine-covered hills. So far, they have been accessible only by branch railway, by mule track or by sea. A road is being constructed which will link them with Spezia and Sestri Levante (and that, as an Italian said to me, will be rape indeed). However, the boat trip to the Cinqueterre is at present one of the objects of visiting—and staying—in Portovenere.

The local speciality is *moules*—little, sweet ones called *datte*—or “sea dates” and at a variety of waterfront cafés one feeds extremely well. The hotel San Pietro is quaint, to say the least, with an upright piano and the entire heating system labelled *pericoloso* concealed behind a blanket on the first floor, and a somewhat one-eyed reception desk on the second. None of the rooms has a private bath, but in view of the setting

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GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sunday.

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

White Bear Inn snack bar, Piccadilly Circus. If you want something cold and in a hurry this is a place to remember, but at lunchtime it is wise to get there early. The cold meats are of high quality, as are the salads and cheeses. Sandwiches are made to order, not taken off tired piles. You can order something hot if you want, but you may have to wait for it. The draught beer is well kept, and the cost very reasonable in relation to quality. Another place in these parts where the cold food is good is **The Thistle** in Vigo Street, but go early or late there also. It is full up by 12.45 p.m.

Country inn de luxe

"Book 48 hours ahead if you want to get in for dinner" was the advice of my Guildford friend about the **Withies Inn** at Compton (Godalming 1158), just off the Hog's Back. Because it is small, holds 30-35 at a guess, serves outstandingly good food and has wines of quality on its list I am sure he is right. Mr. Tony Magnin and his wife form an Anglo-French team, which means that you can be as certain of the *pâté* as of the grills or fruit tart. The whole place is most attractively got up, and shows what can be done when imagination

is applied to a country inn. The wine list has been carefully chosen and prices are reasonable. A 1949 Château Margaux for 30s. is an example, if there is any left by now. In June, July and August only cold food is served, which seems a sensible idea, and I am told they make a point of having lobsters.

Eating round the world in London:

2. Russian and Polish

Chez Luba, Draycott Avenue, Chelsea; **Daquise**, 20, Thurloe Street; **Silver Spur**, 38, Thurloe Place; **La Vodka**, 132, Cromwell Road; **Balalaika**, 10, Kenway Road, Earls Court; **Chez Kristof**, 12, St. Alban's Grove; **Cresta**, 102, Heath Street, Hampstead; **Marynka**, 232, Brompton Road; **Shaftesbury Hotel**, Monmouth Street, W.C.2.

Wine notes

Having been "with" Australian wines for a long time past I was glad to hear them praised by a world-famous expert, M. André Simon. He was speaking at a reception given for him at the Australian Wine Centre after returning from a three-week tour of Australian vineyards. He said: "The Australians make some very good

wines, which deserve to be much better known." The wines drunk at the reception, and selected by M. Simon, were:—

Sherries: Mildura Supreme Dry, Seppelts Pale Dry Solero, Lindemann's Flor Amontillado; **White wines:** Smith's Yalumba Carte d'Or, Gramp's Orlando Barossa Riesling; **Red wines:** McWilliams's Mount Pleasant Hermitage, Hardy's Cabinet Claret. All are kept by the Australian Wine Centre in Frith Street, Soho.

The Friends of Wine, of 1, Vintners' Place, E.C.4, have issued an admirable little booklet *Summer Wine Coolers* giving 13 recipes for wine cups and an interesting note on their making by H. Warner Allen. Copies are obtainable on application to the Friends of Wine.

. . . and a reminder

Jabberwocky, 145, Ebury Street, S.W.1. (SLO 7847.) *Simple and small, but cooking of high quality with good wines.*

Rigoletto, 26, Romilly Street, Soho. (GER 5302.) *New, pleasantly got up with good cooking and reasonable prices.*

Hunting Lodge, 16, Lower Regent Street. (WHI 4222.) *Opulent dining in opulent surroundings.*

Vine Grill, 3, Piccadilly Place, W.1. (REG 5789.) *Small and popular, specialising in high quality steaks and chops.*

Whistling Oyster, 32, Great Queen Street, W.C.2. (HOL 6383.) *Captain Cunningham serves fish and meat of high quality in one of the most elegant restaurant settings in London.*

Tung Hsing, 22 North End Road—opposite Golders Green Station. (SPE 5990.) *For those who like high quality Chinese cooking of the Peking, Szechuan and Yanchow schools.*

Tun of Port, 31b Holland Street. (WES 9277.) *Decor from Tom Jones. Food both English and French and good at that.*

Colony, Berkeley Square. (MAY 1657.) *Recently redecorated. Worth remembering for luncheon as well as dancing at night.*

Angus Steak House, Hyde Park Square. (PAD 5167.) *The latest in their chain and up to the high standard they have set themselves.*



M. André Simon, one of the world's great wine-experts, with Mr. H. K. H. Cook, senior Australian Trade Commissioner at a reception given for him following his tour of Australian vineyards. The wines M. Simon selected are listed in John Baker White's report of the event on this page

The man

The Man; accustomed blue water and white wakes. A seven-seasoned traveller who takes his treasure islands with a pinch of salt. A typical tropical knight; a buccaneer perhaps but certainly no kid, no jesting pirate. A privateer of private means who takes his lotus eating seriously in a Grand Prix Lotus. Who is, ipso facto, a subject for calypso; an item of tropical interest. The man who is admired by fetching Caribbeans.

This Man, poised, master of all his affairs, effortlessly elegant and mohair-cool in.

Tonik
by DORMEUIL

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THE SMILE OF SUMMER

The season may be under way, but summer really seems to start in London with the Chelsea Flower Show, where one of the earliest visitors was the Queen, carrying out her first public engagement since the birth of Prince Edward. She was accompanied by the Queen Mother, Princess Alexandra and other members of the Royal Family. They were shown around the gardens and displays in the grounds of the Royal Hospital by Lord Aberconway, President of the Royal Horticultural Society

PICNICS IN THE SUN

The weather was fine for the opening of the Glyndebourne Festival Opera, and first-nighters who brought a picnic were rewarded by sunshine during the long interval

1 Mr. & Mrs. George Christie. He is the son of the founder and current director of the Glyndebourne Opera

2 Col. & Mrs. David Long-Price with Miss Sarah Long-Price and Mr. Christopher Braden picnic in the long interval

3 Mrs Sekers, Mr. Miki Sekers, who himself has a small opera house at his home in Cumberland, their daughter Christine, M. Jean Baudrand from Lyons and Mr. Geoffrey Parsons in the walled garden

4 Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Bull and Mr. & Mrs. E. J. Poulton

5 Mrs. Dennis Parker, Miss Celia Hoe, Miss Ann Farmer, Mrs. John Farmer and Mrs. Frank Barling

6 Miss Louise Gee

7 Mr. Peter Moss, Mr. Basil Moss, Miss Ann Moss and Mrs. Basil Moss

8 Mr. D. C. O'Neill with his fiancée Miss J. Jarrett and Mrs. Brian O'Neill

3



1



4



2



5





THE ELIXIR OF GLYNDEBOURNE

BY MURIEL BOWEN



The opening night at Glyndebourne looked so *very* young. There were pretty girls in the stalls. Young men carried picnic baskets down to the lake for supper during the long interval. It wasn't that the old ladies in the velvet and lace which had seen them safely through every big function since the 1920s were no longer there. It was just that they were swamped by the large numbers of young.

Nobody could quite explain it, though the answer wasn't far to find. Nowadays Glyndebourne is very much in the hands of 29-year-old Mr. GEORGE CHRISTIE and his pretty, slim, dark-haired wife. People wondered what would happen to Glyndebourne when Mr. John Christie died. Now they ask no more. His son not only brings youthful enthusiasm to the place, but sees to it that fresh ideas result in action. The tickets for instance. About thirty per cent of them are now available for public sale. "There has been too much talk in the past about pushing out the general public," Mr. Christie told me. He is, however, realistic enough to know that there will always be trouble. Glyndebourne is so good that more people will always want to go than can ever be accommodated.

THE GLAMOUR GOES ON

What else does he want to improve. "Well everything—just a bit. Young people today are noticeably more affluent, and that is why more of them are coming. But you have constantly to be looking ahead if you are to go on interesting people." He is very concerned that the glamour of Glyndebourne should continue, and that even if people think it slightly mad to march along a platform at Victoria in full evening dress in the middle of the afternoon, they will continue to do so. "An occasion that *looks* attractive excites people, makes them want to come again."

I was talking to Mr. & Mrs. Christie in their large, handsomely panelled brick house, on to which the theatre is built. They admitted with charming frankness that neither could perform on any musical instrument. "I used to play the violin until I was 17—until I realized that playing the violin badly can give a lot of displeasure to other people," Mr. Christie told me.

There are two children. HECTOR, aged three, who romps about the place, and AUGUSTUS, just a few months. There are about 5,000 acres in the Christie estates, divided between Sussex and Devon, with sheep on the Downs, and cattle in the West Country. There is also some good shooting. For part of the winter Mr. & Mrs. Christie close the 20-bedroom big house and move to Godfrey Street in Chelsea, where they have a compact town house.

A PAINTING FOR HECTOR

Glyndebourne, though, is very much their life. "Yes, we do go to the opera a lot, three or four nights a week." During the summer the house is full of conductors and people connected with the opera. "Nearly all of them are foreigners and no trouble... they all want morning tea and drink whisky!" Mrs. Christie said. At that moment one of the Italian guests came in with a painting he had done for Hector. Both the Christies flew into ecstasies of Italian.

What will they do for their summer holidays? "Maybe look at some festival or other. We went to Salzburg once and enjoyed it enormously." But then the Christies are the kind of people who would get pleasure out of whatever they had to do.

First night opera guests included the Italian Ambassador & DONNA LARISSA QUARONI; LADY RUPERT NEVILL; Mr. & Mrs. MIKI SEKERS and their daughter CHRISTINE; Miss SUSAN WALKER, who was off to Ireland next day for a few days holiday; Mr. & Mrs. HENRY DAVIES, and Dr. M. J. RAYMOND, who had a box. Still others there were the HON. MRS. EMMETT, M.P., Dr. E. D. BARLOW, and SIR JOHN HEDGES.

SPELL OF AFRICA

The nine-day visit of President Abboud of the Sudan brought together at social functions many people who had spent years there. I talked to Mr. A. W. M. DISNEY, the chairman of the 500-strong Anglo-Sudanese Association, who spent 30 years in the Sudan. He said to me: "For months on end we had clear skies day and night, and sometimes we slept under the stars... Travel was all done by camel... It was an exciting place for a young man. You went out as assistant to somebody and next thing you found yourself in charge of 250,000 people."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 605

A PRESIDENT'S EVENING OUT

The President of the Sudan, General Ferik Ibrahim Abboud, was the guest of honour at a dinner party given by the Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Butler at Lancaster House during his State visit to this country

1 General Ferik Ibrahim Abboud and Mr. R. A. Butler

2 Sir Ian Scott, British Ambassador in Khartoum

3 The Danish Ambassador, M. Nils Thomas Svenningsen, and Madame Svenningsen

4 Major-General Sir Allan Adair, Bt., who commanded the Guards Armoured Division during the war, and Lady Adair

5 The Earl of Inchcape and Lady Bell. She is the wife of Sir Gawain Bell, once deputy Sudan Agent in Cairo

6 Lady Macnab, whose husband was in charge of the evening's arrangements

7 Lady Hackett, wife of Lt.-General Sir John Hackett

8 Sir Geoffrey & Lady Harrison. He is an Assistant Under-Secretary of State, Foreign Office





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 603

MAJOR-GEN. SIR REGINALD SCOONES, who was our last Kaid, or Commander, in the Sudan, first knew President Abboud as a subaltern back in 1926. They found a lot to talk about. When Sir Reginald was first posted to the Sudan it took nine days to journey from where he was stationed to Khartoum.

A BAND IN A GROTTTO

LADY SCOONES talked to me of life in the Sudan. "The mornings and evenings were marvellous. We used to get up at 4.45 a.m. and exercise my husband's two polo ponies, while the lovely sunsets were fantastic for cocktail parties. We used to have them on the verandah, and we were allowed to have the Sudan Defence Band for parties. In their white uniforms and red tarbushes they used to play in a little Italian grotto at the bottom of the garden . . . the whole scene was quite dreamlike, like something out of a play."

The Sudan is still closely linked with Britain. "Britain is helping the Sudan with various aid projects and more are being worked out," SIR IAN SCOTT, our Ambassador in Khartoum, told me at the very good party given at Lancaster House by the Foreign Secretary and Mrs. BUTLER.



ANOTHER POTTERISM?

The eligible bachelor is a great topic whenever women gather socially. But what of the ineligible bachelor? The question came up at a party given by Mr. & Mrs. STEPHEN POTTER in their handsome house in St. John's Wood. In business life Mrs. Potter is Heather Jenner who runs Britain's biggest marriage bureau, which this year celebrates its silver jubilee.

"People don't quite believe it," said Mrs. Potter. "But the bachelor over 40 today is just as hard to place as the woman of 40 who has never married. Women find the bachelor of 40 too set in his ways. Then there is the tendency of the bachelors of 40-plus to get pompous in their ways unless they are very careful . . . women don't like that."

Mrs. Potter finds that a nice G.P. is the easiest person in the world for whom to find a wife. "Most women can see themselves happily married to a nice G.P." Doctors and clergymen both use marriage bureaux quite a lot, I gathered. Courting is so difficult for them, and bureaux arrange introductions to women who live in other areas.

THE PROSPECTIVE SPOUSE

Next in popularity is the man with prospects in "a well established firm—women tend to shy off the man who has launched into a business of his own the day before yesterday." Farmers as

prospective husbands have remained steadily popular, and more and more women are thinking seriously about scientists.

Mrs. Potter, who is herself the daughter of an Army officer, finds it extremely difficult to interest young women in soldiers these days. Twenty-five years ago there were never enough soldiers for the girls who wanted to marry them. "The way of life of the Army has changed so much in the interval," Mrs. Potter thinks. "The girls say to me now, 'but they're sent to such awful places and the accommodation is so bad'." The average age of those who go to her bureau, Mrs. Potter tells me, is 27.

HIS FAVOURITE BUTLER

The Royal Pavilion at Brighton, that exuberant relic of the flamboyant days of the Prince Regent, was taken over by LORD THOMSON OF FLEET for an evening reception during the Advertising Association's conference. It was a happy choice. Guests were fascinated by the floodlit Indian domes, the palm tree columns, and the kitchen with its great rows of gleaming copper.

I talked to Mr. MICHAEL THOMAS, son of Sir Miles & Lady Thomas, about that comparatively new hit on the social circuit—MILK. "Mr. Getty was really the one who got milk going at parties," Mr. Thomas told me. "His milk bar complete with cow and milkmaid had everybody talking." Certainly since then hundreds of the smarter debutante balls have had milk bars.

Industrialists talked about their advertising successes. Mr. GEORGE COLE, chairman of Unilever, told me that his firm spent £129 million on advertising in 1963. "Not *all* my colleagues think so, but I think it was money well spent." Most of LORD THOMSON's guests had a favourite advertisement. Mr. HAROLD WATKINSON, M.P. said his was the one which used to appear of Hawkins, the butler, telling his young master to avoid a hangover by taking Rose's Lime Juice. Mr. Watkinson runs Schweppes, makes Rose's Lime Juice.

A ROBENS PREDICTION

The stage for the conference itself, with its jet black backdrop shot with vivid green and blue meteors high-lighted by ultra violet rays, was something which I felt the Prince Regent would have applauded. What looked like the setting for a very off-beat musical was extraordinarily effective as a background for speakers. The wonders of audio and video almost banished black circles and gave those on the stage a faint suntan. Lord Robens of Woldingham predicted that this sort of thing will soon be standard equipment for all big meetings.



ONE HOST—TWO PARTIES



Lord Thomson of Fleet made a fair bid to be the busiest host of the early season. In rapid succession he received guests at two receptions. The first was given by the Thomson Organisation in connection with the Advertising Association Conference at Brighton, in the glittery splendour of the Royal Pavilion, when guests were received by Lord Thomson and Mr. Harry Henry, Thomson Organisation marketing director. The second was at the Dorchester in London when Lord Thomson gave a dinner in honour of the 85th birthday of his friend and fellow Canadian Lord Beaverbrook

1 The Regency extravagance of the Royal Pavilion makes a brilliant background for the late night cocktail party. Dora Bryan, Frankie Howerd and Lance Percival appeared in the cabaret

2 Sir Ronald Howe, chairman of Showerings & Whiteways Ltd., and former Deputy Commissioner at New Scotland Yard, with Mrs. J. G. Wynne-Williams, whose husband is head of Masius & Fergusson Ltd.

3 Mr. & Mrs. Tony Koboyashi are received by Lord Thomson. He is of the Fuji-Xerox company of Tokyo

4 Lord Hill of Luton, chairman of I.T.A., with Lady Hill

5 Sir Spencer & Lady Summers—he is M.P. for Aylesbury—with their hosts, Lord Thomson and Mr. Harry Henry

6 At the Dorchester in London, Lord Thomson greets Lord Beaverbrook as he arrives for his birthday dinner



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

Despite its setting in the grounds of the Palace of Holyroodhouse, this year's General Assembly garden party most closely resembled a gigantic Sunday school picnic. Ministers and elders of the Church of Scotland, and many of Edinburgh's douce citizens, sat about on those impeccably groomed lawns, drinking cups of tea and consuming an enormous number of buns and cakes. Everyone chattered happily as crumbs scattered on the grass, and fragments of Assembly gossip mingled with the shouted greetings and the laughter which drifted across the flower beds.

This garden party, the big social occasion for those who during the previous week have been taking part in the solemn deliberations, is given annually by the Queen's representative to the Assembly, the Lord High Commissioner and his wife—this year, General Sir Richard and Lady O'Connor.

THE KIRK IN KILTS

This year's party was the warmest and sunniest I can remember—as well as the least formal. There were kilted ministers, ministers in lounge suits, ministers—despite the weather—in raincoats and carrying umbrellas, ministers from overseas in gloriously colourful robes, and ministers in grey toppers and morning suits—these not so much in evidence as usual.

The women guests, not as sceptical of the weather as some of the men, had

tossed their umbrellas and sensible tweeds away for this one afternoon, and looked like a bevy of butterflies in the gayest of colours and wearing the most fabulous collection of hats—far too glamorous, one suspects, even for Sunday best for the rest of the summer. The only formal note was provided by the little circles on the lawns where, surrounded by members of the green-clad Royal Company of Archers (the Queen's Body Guard for Scotland) and the blue-clad High Constables of Holyroodhouse, Sir Richard and Lady O'Connor met many of the guests. Lady O'Connor was attended by her lady in waiting, the Countess of Lindsay, and her maids of honour, Miss Victoria Ross, Miss Cleodie Macdonald and the Hon. Sarah Maclay.

A CLAN COMES HOME

August promises to be an extremely busy month for Clan Chief Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh and his wife, at their home Moy Hall, Inverness-shire. The Mackintosh is holding a clan gathering in the lovely Highland setting provided by the grounds of his home. Mackintoshes—and McIntoshes too (the spelling makes no difference, according to the Chief) from all over the world, and particularly from Canada and the United States, will be flocking to Moy Hall for the occasion. But this will be far more than the usual type of clan gathering. The major event will be a Highland Industries Exhibition of which the Duke of Edinburgh has consented to be patron.

The exhibition will be from 6-8 August and the Clan Gathering will be held on Saturday the 8th.

NO SENTIMENTALISM

"It seemed to me that with so much enthusiasm generated for holding a gathering like this, we could make use of the occasion to do something of wider appeal and something useful for this part of the country," said the 35-year-old Clan Chief who retired from the Royal Navy last year with the rank of Lt.-Commander. "The exhibition, therefore, is designed to show a cross-section of the activities going on in the Highlands today, rather than dwelling only on the sentiments of the past. This is a serious trade fair," he added, "and I think it is perfectly fair to say that it is the more important side of the occasion." Showing their paces at the exhibition will be many big public concerns, manufacturing firms and individual craft workers. And, of course, it will be open to the public.

Also in August—and quite apart from the Clan Gathering—will be an important personal event for the Mackintosh family, the christening of their recently arrived second daughter, Anne Helen. "The time was decided largely by the availability of the godparents," remarked the Mackintosh. The godfather will be Lt.-Commander John Watson (R.N. Retd.), and the godmothers Miss Virginia Long and Miss Anne Mackintosh, a cousin of the Chief.



CLUB SANDWICH

Edinburgh's year old Traverse Theatre Club boosted its finances with a Black & White masked ball. It was an evening of many flavours, including the first British appearance of American blues singer Mae Mercer, and a collection of Paris hats compèred by the ubiquitous William Rushton.

- 1 Mr. Bernard J. McGee and Miss Helen Page
- 2 Mr. Jason Ganley and Miss Kay Matthew
- 3 Miss Sylvia V. Hartmann and Mr. Gavin Scott-Moncrieff
- 4 Mr. Hamish Maclaurin and Miss Judith Underwood
- 5 Duncan Count Culduthal and Miss Marie Caroline Kinimonth



A long fight remembered

The historic and splendid Stationers' Hall in the City was filled to capacity for the Society of Authors' 80th birthday banquet, an important and convivial literary event. 80 years ago to the very day, on May 26, 1884, Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, became the first President of the Society which had been recently launched for the strictly practical purpose of guarding authors' rights and promoting their interests in the whole field of professional writing. The founder and driving force in those early days was Walter Besant who knew authors' formidable problems from the inside. Copyright laws were inadequate, and though there were some sound and respected publishers, the trade was

infested with sharks who preyed on all but the few established writers. One of the worst abuses was the pirating of English books in America, and this had hit popular writers like Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins particularly hard. Besant had a slogan, "literary property." When an author writes a book, he explained, he creates a piece of literary property, which he should guard with the same care as any other piece of property. By the time Besant died in 1904 the Society was firmly founded, and had become a powerful force in the business and protection of authorship. It has continued ever since to defend literary property in all its aspects, notably the important additional outlets that a book now attracts—film, TV, paper-back editions—often more important financially than the original hardback volume.

The great variety of English writing, and its impact on the world, was made evident by the speeches. The principal speaker, Viscount Radcliffe, in a witty and elegant speech, referred to the long connection of law and literature. S. J. Perelman talked with dry humour of his experiences in America, especially in Hollywood in the 1930s when, with Ogden Nash, he was writing scripts for the Marx Brothers. The French historical novelist, Maurice Druon, spoke rousing—in excellent English—of his wartime experiences as a writer in England, and Hugh Thomas referred to the political scene. Lord Francis-Williams, the chairman of the Society, summed it all up by emphasizing how authors must always convey the quality of humanity and rational thought, never replaceable by mechanical gadgets and formulae. Perhaps



Left: Mr. T. S. Eliot. Far left: Mrs. Nigel Balchin and Sir Julian Huxley. Opposite page: Sir Compton Mackenzie, Miss Rosamond Lehmann and Lord Francis-Williams

M. Maurice R. Druon. Below left: Mrs. Frank Muir and Mrs. J. W. Lambert. Bottom left: Mr. S. J. Perelman. Bottom right: Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Thomas



the most evocative and moving moment of the whole evening was provided by Dr. John Masefield, Poet Laureate and present President of the Society. Dr. Masefield's health did not permit him to attend, but in a recorded message he described the literary scene of 80 years ago and touched on the historical task of the author—whatever the future condition of the world—as a story-teller and entertainer.

Victor Bonham-Carter



The soloist flew in this morning

Jet travel, new recording techniques and acoustically engineered halls have combined to revolutionize the image of the concert instrumentalist. American pianist Byron Janis—seen opposite with his wife and son—discussed the phenomenon with
J. Roger Baker

Byron Janis has just pulled off a singularly international *coup*. This American-born pianist won the French Oscar (*Grand Prix du Disque*) for a recording of two Russian piano concertos which were taped in Moscow on American equipment. This event typifies the world status of musicians today. No longer do world capitals have to wait perhaps for years to hear a new soloist—or even a new work. A recording, a night of flight, and the music lovers of Buenos Aires are as clued up as those of London or Moscow. Byron Janis is an outstanding example of a musician geared to this type of working. In each of the last two years he has given just under 100 concerts all over the world. He played in London recently, opens the promenade concert series in Glasgow on Saturday, later performs at six major European music festivals and then begins his third tour of the Soviet Union.

"One certainly needs a lot of energy to handle so much travelling, but once you have started it becomes easier. When I was much younger, Rubinstein, who at the time was doing more concerts than I was, told me I would find the travelling easier as I got older, and this is true. Temperament plays a part of course, and I find travelling by air much less exhausting than train journeys—apart from the time lapse between the States and Britain.

"The point is that once you have established a public you must keep going back, you can't ignore it."

I caught Mr. Janis at the Savoy while he was having a holiday in London with his English wife—daughter of Arthur Dickson Wright—and nine-year-old son Stefan. The family has two homes, a New York base and a house in the South of France. "I usually manage to do four to six months solid concert and recital work in the States, but it is rarely that I'm at home for more than two weeks at a time."

"He's never there," put in Mrs. Janis, "so I went off on a skiing holiday this year."

As an experienced recording artist, he agreed records were useful to maintain reputation and retain a soloist's performance in the public mind: "a wonderful worldwide thing," he described them.

He added: "There is, however, one disturbing trend.

"On record sleeves one usually finds some phrase saying *the real concert hall sound*, or words to that effect.

"This is not true.

"No one sitting in any concert hall ever heard that beautiful balance of sound. But the extraordinary thing is, modern halls are being built so that their acoustics do in fact emulate the records. While this is conducive to modern music, it does mean that it is extremely difficult to create a mood. The further we get away from the romantic period the more difficult it will be to put over that sort of music."

I asked Mr. Janis what halls he enjoyed playing in most. He nominated the Symphony Hall in Boston, the Champs Elysées Theatre in Paris—"a glorious acoustic"—

and also had a good word to say for the Albert Hall here in London with its pleasant Edwardian atmosphere. "Ideally one should I suppose have different halls for different types of music; after all, Liszt used two pianos, changing them according to the type of music he was playing."

Mrs. Janis was reticent about her contribution to her husband's career. "I take part in it for enjoyment," she said. "We do some entertaining in New York which I enjoy. I'm not very good at unimportant things but I think I'm okay when it comes to something important."

"You underestimate yourself," her husband put in decisively.

Mr. and Mrs. Janis met at a party in London. "I then started going to her parents' house to practise," he said.

"That's because he thought we'd know how to treat a musician—Benjamin Britten and Menuhin used to come along quite often to practise and arrange concerts," Mrs. Janis added.

Stefan appeared to have his photograph taken. "All this travelling about isn't awfully good for him I don't think," Mrs. Janis said. "But he is bilingual. In fact he speaks French better than English now. He's going to a boarding school in Lausanne this year."

So far young Stefan has not taken up any instrument. "We wanted him to play the violin, but he's never in one place long enough to make lessons worth while," his mother explained. His father, on the other hand, gave his first public recital when he was six.

"I avoided the danger of being exploited as a child prodigy though, for which I am very grateful. I was brought up on the classics but when I was 16 Horovitz discerned a virtuoso ability in me which he thought worth while developing. My official Carnegie Hall debut was made when I was 20—after touring in the States and South America. So many people elect to make a big New York debut and then start touring."

Mr. Janis also avoided a second danger which came at a crucial point of his career when he was 23. "In America life can be very difficult when you are a success, everything is in the highest gear and can be too much. So I gave up concert work for nearly two years. I wanted to practise, to think, to sort things out and be quite sure of myself."

We went on to talk about the musical scene in America. "Mrs. Kennedy made a tremendous impact on the artistic life of the States with her concerts at the White House," Mrs. Janis said, "and we do hope that, after a while, she will resume this work. It is easy enough to make music fashionable, more difficult to retain that advantage."

Mr. Janis added: "America is producing some great instrumentalists, though it is weaker on the composing side. This is a worldwide thing though. This is the age of the executant rather than the composer. I feel the time will come before long when great composers will again be produced."



IAN STEWART MACMILLAN

The rewards of Richmond



One of those boroughs that are, happily, to keep their own names in the new Greater London regime, Richmond has an individuality which draws deeply on history without being in the slightest a museum piece. The sense of flowery meadows beside summer waters remains a living presence, battling successfully so far with the tide of a dubious progress. Heart of the resistance, and an epitome of Richmond's urbane-cum-rural virtues is the Green. Here one of its residents, **Elizabeth Warington Smyth**, writes of its spell, and **Kate Rivers** photographs it. Above, players waiting to bat during an evening cricket match—the Richmond Teachers were playing the Barnes Teachers

A green lake of grass half-a-mile wide is bordered by elm trees, by a road, by a chain of parked cars. Houses, one, two or three centuries old, look out over this reflector of sunshine and shadow. A terrace of William & Mary houses show tall tiled roofs and dormer windows, a row of Queen Anne houses offer an almost geometrical pattern of fenestration and brickwork, pairs of early Victorian houses, arm in arm, and decked with flowering creepers, look irregular, grey, rural. To the south, a symmetrical, dignified 18th-century façade hides, I know, a Tudor hearth.

I would never have chosen to live in Richmond of my own free will. Someone mentioned that there was a board up on an old house on Richmond Green. Curiosity sent me out on a 27 bus to look. The downfall of apparently sensible, practical characters is usually brought about by a fatal inner weakness. I admit to a weakness for old houses, but not to a madness for them. I had come "to look" at this house, nothing more.

I stepped into the hall, alone. Winter leaves rustled over the threshold, cobwebs caught my face, there was dust everywhere. The house had been empty for four years and looked like it. I wandered through the rooms, through the garden. By the time I returned to the hall I was out of my right mind. Every ordinary, practical consideration had vanished. I left the house like a sleepwalker. At the weekend I brought my husband and children, "just to look", I said. I made no claims, gave no description. I watched them and I saw the uncanny thing happening to them, the obliteration of all practical thoughts, the death of all questions. The house had trapped them. My husband is, above all, practical; certainly he does not believe in the supernatural. "It is the only house I have ever wanted to live in," he said, talking as though he was in a trance.

We were left with no choice, no volition,

we had to come and live here. For 10 years now we have cosseted and cared for every inch of the house and garden. If you have an old house and it has an old roof you should look after it. I keep telling myself I am simply being provident when I climb along gutters, look over tiles, examine launders. But I know I have no choice. The house insists that I watch the ridge, the launders and the parapet, that I know each tile by name.

Meanwhile we have discovered the rewards of this slavery, what it is like to live on Richmond Green. We have Space: space to look out on, over the bright open green, space in the garden, to lie in the sun, play bowls, garden, or watch the waterlife in the pond, space indoors to be untidy in, to make a noise in, with piano or radio. And we have a certain Pace; dead slow or stop. The only time I ever hurry is at the call of London, when I run to catch a train or a bus. Shopping, that daily, inexorable job, is a dreamy, indolent potter in and out of the little shops in the little street 100 yards from our door. The butcher, the baker, the grocer and the greengrocer, the oil shop with kettles, brooms, dustbins and chalk, the sweetshop, the little shop that sells toys, newspapers and cigarettes, they are all nearer than the end of the garden. Each morning I can have those repetitive and comic chats with the shopkeepers that you have in a country village, then, back in the street, I meet the neighbours. We stand in the wind or the sun, children round us, just talking. Cooking and washing up has the same leisurely pace; the kitchen windows look out on the green, everyone passes by. I dry the teapot and stare, watching the lovers or the policeman.

The swirl of the life of Richmond town eddies on to the green at weekends. Groups meander past our gate eating fish and chips, boys on bicycles, with fishing rods, fly by on their way to the Thames, Sea Scouts, laden with tents, haversacks,

whistles and rope, tramp by to the same destination. Sometimes a coach unloads 30 people on the edge of the green. They stand and stare. Then they get in again and are gone. In summer, cricket is played on the green, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The spectators sit in deckchairs. Later, players and spectators stroll a few yards to the two pubs, one of which is called The Cricketers.

On Saturdays the main street of the town is blocked with people. I go to buy a book, breasting my way through prams, push-chairs, toddlers, icecream eaters, Mods and Rockers. I come back, sauntering down our street, go into the garden and find the blackbird, the robin pair, the two large mistle thrushes, a jay, peace, space and the flowering cherry tree. We know nothing of congested, weekend roads; we live in the garden.

Social life on the green is a mixture of Village help and County bounty. The neighbours are there, planted, secure, ready to help; giving a child a lift to school, giving you a lift to London, taking care of your child for the day, giving domestic or garden advice. To enjoy what I call County bounty there is no long journey, you stroll across the green to a party, a musical evening, a dinner or a "bring and buy" sale, where you talk and laugh in 18th-century rooms with parcels under your arms and cups of coffee in your hands. What else do you want? You want to go to church? The church is across the green. Books? The public library is next door to it. Would you like to go to the theatre? It is next door to the library. Farther on you will find the swimming baths. And then, if you want to go to a film, there are three cinemas in the town, only a few hundred yards away.

Of course, the great metropolis, from where my husband gets his living, has to be reckoned with. He must get there and on time. We fall out of bed at seven o'clock and breakfast at seven-thirty so that he leaves before the main traffic rush.



The lively busy-ness of a little market. Paved for its whole width, Brewer Lane leads from King Street to the Green, is closely packed with shops. The name goes back to the days of Henry VIII, when there was a brewery there. Now they have to make do with a pub



First county cricket match ever was played on the Green between Middlesex and Surrey in 1830. Here Mr. Wise, 21 years with the Council, who looks after the turf and takes a special pride in the wicket, discusses the coming cricket season with Professor Butterfield



Writer of the article, novelist Elizabeth Warrington Smyth, at her typewriter. She is the wife of Mr. Norman Barrett, Senior Surgeon at St. Thomas's. Their house is one of the oldest on the Green. They have two daughters, Julia, 20, and Anthea, 14

Continued from page 613

He takes the children with him to college and school.

Is there a dark side to this picture? There is. It is the inexorable encroachment of what is euphemistically called "progress." A glue factory and a printing works belch smoke over our gardens, speculators are buying up the little shops to destroy them, most of the old houses on the east side of the green have become offices. Dwellings and little shops fight a losing battle. The boom of the surges of chaos can be heard on the green.



Left: Helga Mott, the lieder singer, and her husband, Mr. Tom Mott, live at *The Wardrobe*, Old Palace Yard. They came to Richmond three years ago, and are now building a Georgian sun temple in their garden. Far left: Camilla and Phyllida Barlow, daughters of Dr. Erasmus Barlow, psychiatrist at St. Thomas's, live at *Maids of Honour Row*. Camilla is an editor at a music publishers, Phyllida studies sculpture at the Slade. The family have lived on the Green for 18 years. Dr. Barlow is a great-grandson of Charles Darwin



Above, left: *Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum since 1954, Mr. Edward Croft Murray is another resident of Maids of Honour Row. Here he is playing a viola of 1654. With him is his two-year-old daughter Rosalind. He has lived on the Green for 30 years, and is an active member of the Richmond branch of the Georgian Society, which often holds meetings in his house, the hall of which was painted by Antonio Jolli in 1645 for John James Heidegger, manager of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket*

Above: Actress Sheila Sim, wife of Richard Attenborough, with four-year-old Charlotte, youngest of their three children, at their home Old Friars, where they have lived for 14 years. It is on the site of a 17th-century Franciscan priory. The Attenboroughs like Richmond because it is convenient for his London office and film studios, and because the village atmosphere is good for the children—the other two are Michael, 14, at Westminster, and Jane, 8, at school locally. They have a large collection of contemporary paintings

Below: B.B.C. TV talks executive Mr. John Grist, responsible for all political broadcasts on B.B.C.1, has lived at Richmond since 1958. His wife Gill was a founder of the Richmond Concert Society. The children are Nicky, 7, William, 5, and Caroline, 9. They live at Old Palace Yard, on an historic site

Right: Alderman Frank White, one of the Green's oldest inhabitants, has lived at Oak House for 30 years, has been on the Council 21 years. With him is Mrs. White and their dog Tiger Mark III. The elegantly moulded Georgian plaster ceiling drew Queen Mary's admiration when she visited the house





...croquet on the lawn of 3 Pembroke
...was; players, Dr. Charles Fletcher, who
...roduces a regular medical programme on
...C. TV, and his eldest daughter
...sanna, training to be a Froebel teacher.
...the Fletchers started the Richmond
...ervation Society six years ago.
...Fletcher's hobby is bee-keeping

Above: Lady Dorothy Meynell at the gate of her house in Maids of Honour Row. She has lived there for nearly 20 years. Daughter of the seventh Earl of Dartmouth, Lady Dorothy also has a country house in Staffordshire. Her hobbies are her grandchildren—she has 12, aged from 4 to 26—and gardening. The magnolia is one of the finest in Richmond



Left: Lady Hicks, widow of Sir Seymour Hicks, talking to Mr. John Jackson, near the Richmond Theatre, of which he is manager. Lady Hicks, *as* Ellaline Terriss, was leading lady at the Gaiety from 1895 to 1900. She has just celebrated her 93rd birthday, adores the Beatles, paints in oils for a hobby. She has lived in Richmond all her life. Below: 10-year-old Sarah Butterfield with her brother, nine-year-old Jeremy, and her 34-year old tortoise and golden hamster. They are the two younger children of Professor John Butterfield, O.B.E., Professor of Experimental Medicine at Guy's Hospital Medical School, and also captain of a local team called The Greengages. Their home is in Maids of Honour Row. Sarah is typing the next issue of her own magazine which she calls "Life with Animals"



Right: A customer looking into the window of one of the many antique shops around Richmond Green. This one is owned by Miss C. E. King. She has been there 26 years, and claims she can spot serious antique buyers by one thing alone: they come in the late evening when the tourists have gone home. Far right: Mrs. Penelope Mockridge with five-week-old daughter Clare, youngest inhabitant of the Green, to which they moved only a few months ago from Bayswater. Mrs. Mockridge's husband Michael is a solicitor. In her spare time she writes children's books. Two were published in 1962, and since then she has written two B.B.C. school scripts and a programme for backward children



BIRD'S EYE VIEW



TESSA GRIMSHAW

Feather your nest at the General Trading Company where birds are in the air until the end of the month. Every decorative bird has been trapped here — on china, roosting on fabrics, shaped in ceramics and glass, making saucy sauce boats and amusing owl-shaped containers for kitchen items. Birdwatching (above) ● Tureen shaped like a black and white rooster: £5 10s. ● Pheasant (one of a pair) in naturalistic colours: £37 16s. the two ● Owl salt container in black and white: 30s. ● Dotty glass birds in orange and blue glass look marvellous against the light. Orange one in a hedgehog shape and swan-necked bird: 7 gns. each ● Pecking decoy bird carved primitively in wood with thrush markings: £4 7s. ● Other bird influences not photographed here are old engravings reissued in pretty frames: 8 gns. ● Wedgwood's new mug pattern is a bird: £1 16s.

COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



THE NEW WATER BABIES

This summer's water babies emerge silvery-cool on to sun-baked beaches. Their sleek, stretchy swimsuits, close as second skins, are striped, spotted, formally flowered. Unity Barnes netted these suits for sea-nymphs; Norman Eales took the photographs

Swimsuit for a lazy sun goddess has a telescopic view of a golden brown back. In black and white Helanca, by Paltrade, £6 19s. 11d. at Rigby & Peller; J. E. Beale, Bournemouth; Betty Mackie, St. Helier.



THE NEW WATER BABIES

Right: bold zigzags of black and white eddy over a sleek Helanca bathing suit, deep plunging back. By Donald Danvers, 9½ gns. at Lillywhites; County Clothes, Cheltenham

Below: newest sun-spots in white, dotted on black Helanca, tiny buttons on the brief white top. By Nina Ricci, £6 19s. 6d. at Simpsons; Brights, Bournemouth







THE NEW WATER BABIES

Left: back-baring, all-ribbed cinnamon Helanca, schoolboy striped orange and white along the edges. By Swan of Italy, 11 gns. at Debenhams & Freebody

Centre: provocatively topped by a wide-striped Bri-nylon blazer is a plastic-coated swimsuit with plain black panties and glistening gilt buttons. The stripes are scarlet, white and black. By Silhouette, swimsuit £3 9s. 11d., blazer 5 gns. at Gorrings; Kendal Milne, Manchester

Right: ever-widening stripes of deep navy blue ripple round a Bri-nylon swimsuit with scarlet shoestring straps. Another flash of scarlet around the top of the navy pants. By Slix, £3 9s. 11d. at Debenhams & Hollingsworth; Bobby, Eastbourne



THE NEW WATER BABIES

Left: barber-pole stripes of red, white and blue for a towelling tunic and brief matching bikini hidden underneath. By Sportaville, 6 gns. set at Adrian, 65 Regent Street; Schofields, Leeds.

Centre: swimsuit with no middle at all is black and chocolate, circled with bands of white. By Janet Dickinson, £2 17s. 6d. at the Separates Cer

Right: sleek as a seal, a streamlined jet-black Helanca swimsuit coolly striped with white around a curving neckline. By Jantzen, £3 19s. 6d. at the Army & Navy Stores.







GOOD LOOKS The super natural looking eye requires precision work with fine instruments. An eye kit might easily contain most of the items in the photograph above. Keep eyebrows neat as a newly trimmed hedge with the eyebrow brush and comb combined that can be used equally well to give eyelashes a natural look after mascara. Not shown, but as efficient as a surgeon's instrument, is a pair of automatically retractable tweezers to make that unnerving sharp pull for you. Combined comb and brush, 4s. 9d.; automated tweezers, 18s. 6d. Both at Dickins & Jones. Minute comb and brush, 1s. 4d., at Marshall & Snelgrove. Apply a carefully smudged backdrop of powder eyeshadow with a stick that holds a small puff of foam rubber. By Innox, 3s. 6d. Make a deep curve of shadow with a lipbrush that makes a

controlled wide line. Retractable brush in a pretty gold case by Lancôme, 27s. 6d. Fine brush (centre) 10s. 6d. Touch in eyebrows with a particularly fine new pencil of sleek design by Revlon, with a choice of four colours to merge with eyebrows, 17s. 6d.

Instant glow: tired eyes are transformed by a rosy touch at the outer perimeter of each eye. Germaine Monteil's Color Blend brush costs one guinea.

Lead a double life with Innox's twin-headed brush. One end for eyes, the other for lipstick; both have screw-on covers. 6s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove and every Innox stockist. Over the rainbow: Dorothy Gray have a Colour Drama kit (not shown) that is a pair of neat stacking colour sticks for eyes and lips. These tubes stack five colours apiece, 9s.

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

on plays

Pat Wallace / Soufflé Parisien

For those who, like myself, always think of a visit to Paris as a treat, going to the theatre there seems a natural part of one's entertainment and, taking the pleasantly frivolous point of view a step further, Paris at this moment offers a number of particularly happy plays to see. There is, for instance, *La Preuve Par Quatre* by Felician Marceau, a comedy about a young man who becomes fed up with the demands and exigencies of the life he leads and tries to rearrange it on what he imagines are more ideal lines; a sparkling performance here, incidentally, by M. François Perier, who manages to convey a chap in search of the realistic, continually baffled by the irrelevant. The last element is partly represented by his life-long friend, a new member of the Académie Française, who lopes about in full ceremonial dress and is a Gallic version of the 'Charles-his-friend' to whom a hero can unburden himself. M. Perier's character has a pretty wife (Mlle. Nicole Maurel), a pretty Italian maid complete with soubrette trappings of microscopic white apron and highly individual way of taking telephone messages, and a pretty new love (Mlle. Michele Bardollet) whose chief contributions to a one-sided affair are rowing with him on the lake in the Bois or consuming great quantities of cream cakes.

The whole thing is played in the lightest of moods and there are many lines of dialogue which remain in the mind, such as the wife's urging her husband to change his shoes and, when he protests that he has no time, retorting: "Well, at least change your socks." There is also a sympathetic policeman who appears at one moment and consoles with him on the problem of parking in a city, finally suggesting that the only solution would be a disposable car to be discarded on arrival. He, or M. Marceau, may have something there. As the play ends the hero has rented a small clandestine flat and attempts to make its purpose clear to his new girl friend. She accepts the situation but inquires anxiously whether this

means that there will be no further visits to the patisserie and, when he most emphatically tells her that these are finished she, girlish to the last, brings down the curtain with a cry: "Oh, Mummy will be pleased!"

Under the heading of near-farce there is also M. Marcel Mithois' *Croque Monsieur*. This genuinely amusing piece is practically carried by the splendid performance of Mlle. Jacqueline Maillan, an actress of enormous vitality with the real comic spirit and something of the zip and elegant legginess of a French Elaine Stritch. As the play opens, her millionaire husband, ruined, has committed suicide, but far from sparing a tear his widow, Coco, immediately gets into top gear, has the corpse removed and inspires her whole household to help her in an immediate search for another equally rich man. She finds him, too, though I would have thought some of her direct methods a little intimidating to gentlemen. The production is taken at great speed as suits this kind of fun and Coco in action is, of course, no time waster. Mike Marshall, good-looking son of famous Michele Morgan, makes his first Paris appearance.

Le Systeme Fabrizzi by Albert Husson, another comedy, and this time with a touch of fantasy, is the success of the year. M. Sacha Pitoeff, son of the distinguished acting couple, is its star and plays the benefactor of a village near Rome whose original plans for lending money win him great popularity and the love of a charming hoyden, one of the more successful objects of his charity and deliciously played by Mlle. Dany Carrel.

An even newer comedy, *Comment va le Monde, Monsieur*, is by M. François Billeldoux. This has a few *longueurs* but, as always with this playwright, admirable characterisations and the opportunity for some very attractive playing. There are, naturally, more serious pieces to be observed on the Paris stage including Hochhuth's controversial play, *Le Vicaire*, which we saw here as *The Representative*, and there is a delightful production of Tur-



In *La Preuve Par Quatre* François Perier plays a young man trying to arrange his life on more ideal lines. Among distractions are Regine Lovi and Michele Bardollet



PHOTOGRAPHS: STUDIO LIPNITZKI

Croque Monsieur is a near farce, currently delighting Parisian audiences. Its stars include Mike Marshall, son of film star Michele Morgan, and Annie Sinigalia

geniev's *A Month in the Country*, but the general mood, as suits the summer, is for the lighthearted. French comedies are always as delicate travelers as *vin rosé* and at their best

in their own country; another good reason for not upsetting them by a Channel crossing but to go over oneself and enjoy them in those delightful surroundings—*sur place*.

on films

Elspeth Grant / A question of integrity

The opening sequence of **Man in The Middle** suggested depressingly to me that this was going to be just another war film—the very thing I could best do without. Well, dears, I was delighted to find it is nothing of the kind. Based on the novel, *The Winston Affair* by Mr. Howard Fast, its setting is an American/British army outpost in India and all the leading characters are military types, but it is not concerned with war, only with a matter of principle.

Whether to oppose expediency with integrity, no matter what the cost, is a problem that could equally well arise in civilian life; often does, too, when those in authority try to inveigle a man into doing what he believes to be wrong—and you needn't wear a uniform to arrive at the gallant conclusion that "if you can't beat 'em, you don't have to join 'em".

In the presence of eleven aghast witnesses, an American officer (Mr. Keenan Wynn) shoots a British staff sergeant dead, for no apparent reason. To preserve allied unity, it is essential that Mr. Wynn be tried, found guilty and hanged, or so the American C.O. (Mr. Barry Sullivan) decides. He appears to assume that nothing but blood will appease the British, which is decidedly unflattering to us, as everybody knows we are in favour of justice rather than revenge. (Yes?)

Mr. Robert Mitchum, an American lieutenant-colonel with legal experience and a slight limp, is summoned to

handle Mr. Wynn's defence—a mere formality—and, being an honest guy, he is nettled when Mr. Sullivan hints that he'll get his long-deserved promotion if the case he makes out for the accused can be accepted as "intelligent, adequate but unsuccessful," to ensure a "satisfactory" outcome to the trial.

Supposing he were to plead, as he feels could be justified, that his "client" is insane, Mr. Wynn might escape the death penalty. That, Mr. Sullivan warns him (with the threat of demotion in his cold, dark eyes), would never do. A couple of meetings with Mr. Wynn convince Mr. Mitchum that the man is definitely mad, but when he defiantly sets out to prove him unfit to stand trial every obstacle is put in his way by two American army doctors, Messrs. Alexander Knox and Sam Wanamaker, who are aware of Mr. Wynn's disordered mental condition but unwilling to reveal it for fear of incurring the C.O.'s displeasure.

Mr. Mitchum cannot back out of the difficult position in which he finds himself—orders are orders—so what should he do? Press his own unsupported opinion and ruin his career, or knuckle under to the C.O. and accept the full colonelcy offered him as a reward for helping to rig a murder trial? Miss France Nuyen, an improbable nurse, appreciates his dilemma: "If you want to put your conscience on my pillow, it's O.K. by me," she tells him, the forward creature.

She proves not only an agree-

able bedfellow but a useful ally, too, for she steals a report (drawn up by Mr. Wanamaker and suppressed by Mr. Knox) which confirms that Mr. Wynn is a psychopath. Armed with this damning document Mr. Mitchum seeks out Mr. Wanamaker (who's been sent somewhere up-country to keep him quiet) and is able to persuade the reluctant doctor that it is his duty to give evidence at the trial, despite orders to the contrary.

Mr. Wanamaker's death on his way to the court martial may seem a mite contrived—but who minds a little contrivance as long as it enables Mr. Trevor Howard, giving a superb performance as the British medical officer, to take the deceased American's place as sole witness for the defence. In an earlier brief encounter, Mr. Howard (a languid eccentric who twirls a fly-whisk, keeps his gin in the teapot and calls everybody "ducky") has assured Mr. Mitchum, in an airy, disinterested sort of way, that he is perfectly right about Mr. Wynn's being insane.

There is nothing airy or disinterested about Mr. Howard when he makes his appearance in court. His voice is calm and icy as he states his qualifications. The dismayed judges, so confident that they could floor Mr. Mitchum, realize they are confronted now with a reputable psychiatrist whose word they can scarcely ignore. The word is "paranoia." They might have made a brazen, hectoring attempt to bring in their desired verdict, all the same, but for the startling behaviour of the accused. He has never, more power to the film, been represented as anything but a thoroughly nasty piece of work, yet when he runs amok in the courtroom one cannot help

feeling as sorry as Mr. Howard obviously does for the poor devil who is not responsible for his action. Mr. Guy Hamilton has directed admirably, and Mr. Howard's performance is worth going many miles to see.

M. André Cayatte, a French lawyer turned film-maker, is perpetually wondering whether, in nine criminal cases out of 10, justice or injustice can be said to have been done. In **Two Are Guilty** he continues to speculate. Two Riviera layabouts are jointly involved in the shooting of a policeman and the murder of a kidnapped child, are chased by the police into a lighthouse and there arrested along with a third young man, who unconvincingly claims that he was merely out for a stroll.

Nobody can positively identify the two killers, so all three are held for questioning. After two years, having failed to break the prisoners' separate alibis, the police hand them over to the judiciary to stand trial. Let a jury decide which two are guilty or take the responsibility of condemning all three—or, if squeamish releasing all three.

Had the film not been so severely cut as to be wildly confusing, and not so execrably dubbed as to make the dialogue absurd, all this might have seemed enthralling, despite some atrociously bad acting from a cast that includes Mr. Anthony Perkins, Mr. Jean-Claude Brialy and Signor Renato Salvatori.

I can't help wondering whether it's the French judicial system or the French public M. Cayatte is denouncing. The moment the three young men leave the Palais de Justice (yes, they are acquitted) a furious mob gathers and burns them to death in a small van.

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Masters of the guitar

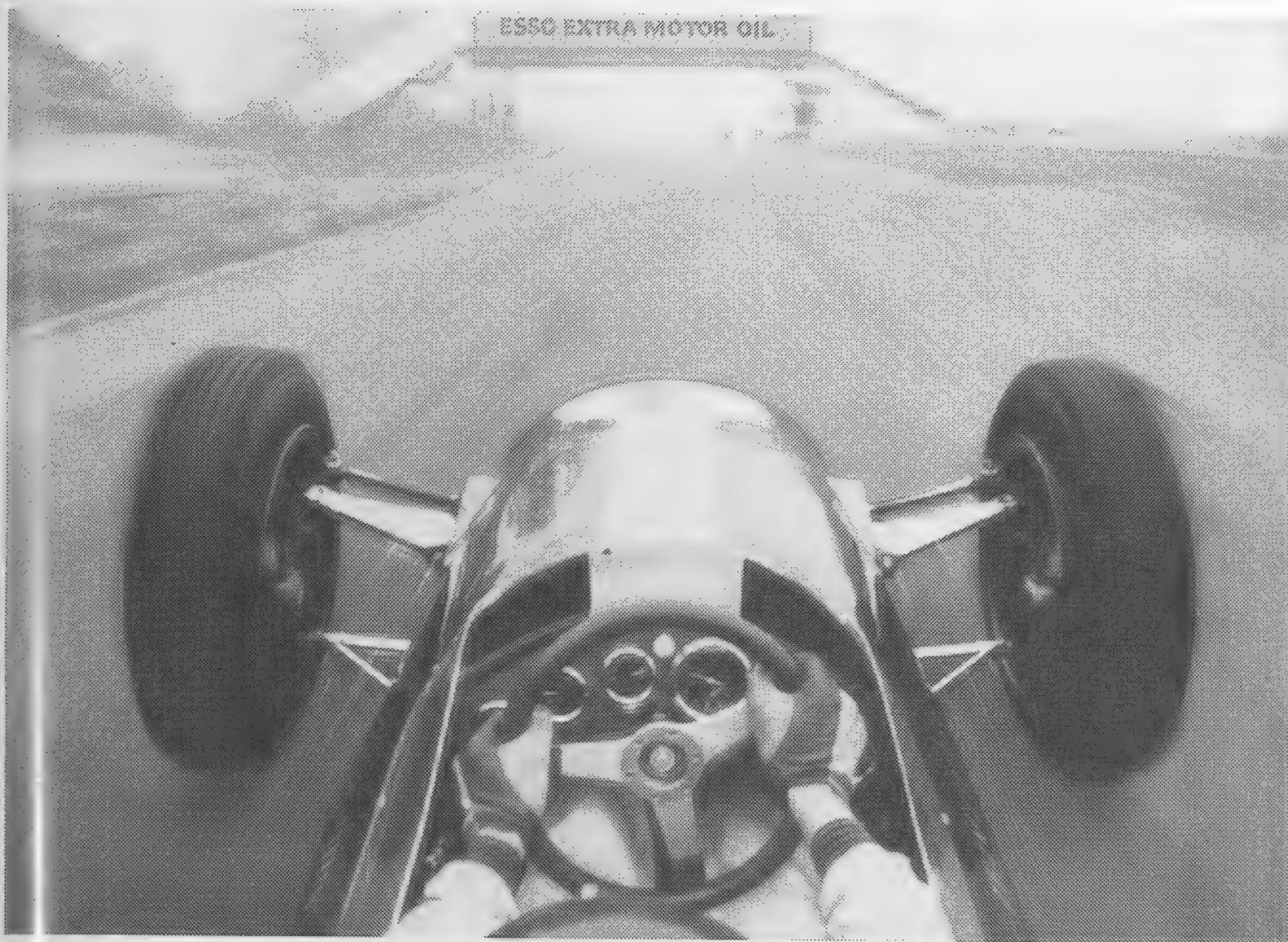
After his highly successful presentation of Bossa Nova in a best-selling album with Stan Getz, the name of Charlie Byrd needs little introduction from me. Brought up under the spell of the hill-billy music from his native Virginia, and the even stronger influence of the Spanish guitarists, he now plays the unamplified instru-

ment with great technique and all the lack of inhibitions one expects from a true jazzman. Do not be put off by the title, **Blues sonata** (Riverside), which fills one side of a recent album; the sonata is in fact a delightfully rhythmic piece, which explores the jazz and other influences in his playing, notably in the last movement,

Scherzo for an old shoe. I should mention that Charlie is a firm advocate of the finger technique, and bemoans the failure of present day guitarists to use the vast store of knowledge of the great lute and guitar players of the last four hundred years!

Both on this and another album, **Prelude** (Realm), recorded in 1957, Byrd resorts to the electric instrument for some tracks, but never captures the same delicious chunky rhythm sound that he achieves in the use of the unamplified guitar. The same criticism applies to some extent to the

immortal Django Reinhardt, Europe's greatest jazzman between the World Wars. An album issued by Realm presents him in the post-World War 2 context, recorded in Paris in 1947 with various musicians, American and French. Throughout Django uses amplified guitar and the single note approach which takes a line comparable to that of any solo horn in jazz; except that his melodic construction is peculiar to him, Django sounds like any other electric guitarist of the period, with strong undercurrents of Charlie Christian thrown in.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 630

Only in the two closing tracks, where Reinhardt reverts to acoustic guitar, does his personality emerge in the way that it dominates the **Quintet of the Hot Club of France** (Ace of Clubs). All the latter tracks were recorded in London, 10 before the war, four in 1946, and I regard this as the culmination of his important recorded works. I can see no vast bridge-gapping in his later work, and the introduction of the electronic device seems only to have stereotyped a sound which he had perfected

in more rhythmic studies of earlier days.

The Art Farmer Quartet's **Interaction** (London) features one of America's finest contemporary guitarists, Jim Hall. The six tracks explored in this album catch him in subtle interplay with Farmer, who plays fluegelhorn on all the tracks. Both soloists display restraint in the exploration of some exceptionally melodic themes in the modern idiom, where Jim's chorded work in an accompanist's role is given predominance.

on books

Oliver Warner / *The Bloomsbury Story*

How long should autobiographies be? Few lives can stand more than a solitary volume, but among the exceptions is Mr. Leonard Woolf's **Beginning Again** (Hogarth Press 30s.) is the third in a sequence which brings the reader up to the end of the First World War, so there should be much to come. The first book described the author's beginnings and his Cambridge days, the second his life as an administrator in Ceylon. In the new one there are the varied interests of starting work in serious journalism, marriage to Virginia Stephen and the alarming vagaries of her mental health, Left Wing politics, and association with that group of writers and artists including Lytton Strachey, Clive and Vanessa Bell, Roger Fry, Virginia herself, and E. M. Forster, that is labelled Bloomsbury. There is also an account of the beginnings of the Hogarth Press, the earliest productions composed on machinery designed for the amateur. Mr. Woolf writes so well that it is all engrossing, and never more so than in the comparisons he makes of the world before the deluge of 1914, and what came after it. The work is illustrated, in the current fashion, by snapshots. When these come off they are just right.

Mr. Woolf is fairly, though not unduly, reticent about his private life. Mr. Laurence Whistler, another autobiographer, is fuller in this respect. In **The Initials in the Heart** (Rupert Hart Davis 42s.) he tells the story of his deeply happy married life with Jill Furse, an actress still missed by all who remember her, and

its sudden end after five years. He includes a series of carefully composed studies of his wife, as different from snaps as chalk from cheese, and the narrative not only gives insight into the height to which personal accord can aspire, but as an emotional release it must have afforded the author satisfaction to compose. The character of a lovely woman is built up stroke upon stroke, and whereas in less sure hands such a theme could have become altogether too private, the book is actually as memorable as Mr. Woolf's, in an utterly different, less marble way.

For sheer contrast, both with these autobiographical works and with each other, two novels which claim attention could hardly be more striking. The less serious work is **Quick Before it Melts**, by Philip Benjamin (Gollancz 21s.) which I gather Mr. Wodehouse enjoyed enormously. Oliver Cannon, a young, married aspirant on the American "Sage, the Magazine that Thinks for You," is sent by his boss to the Antarctic to report the doings of the U.S. base there. He meets a young photographer, Santelli, and on the way south, in New Zealand, they date two girls who play a leading part in the scoop with which Oliver presents his paper. How well all ends (even Oliver's marriage, which was at one stage in some danger) is told in language comic, swift and—yes—thoroughly intelligible this side of the Atlantic.

The Ordeal of Major Grigsby, by John Sherlock (Hutchinson 21s.) is a highly serious work. It is to do with that remote, ghastly and apparently ceaseless warfare which has continued so long in

There is little doubt in my mind that Barney Kessel's **Swingin' Party** (Contemporary) was recorded under almost ideal studio conditions, yet it lacks the spontaneity I would expect to find in the end product of such a session. Barney's work is sometimes too slick, working so closely to Marvin Jenkins' piano part in the same way that he used to do when he was with Oscar Peterson. Yet the full breadth of his guitar sound emerges when Jenkins plays flute instead of piano, as

the Far East between the Western line-up and the dedicated zealots who have swallowed the Communist creed, or bait, or both. The principal people, General Burke White and the Major of the title are deadly opposite; one the essence of everything that can bring the high professional soldier a bad or dreaded name, the other sick, restricted in what he is allowed to do, but a man who sees clearly, and knows what he is fighting about in a way of which the general will always be ignorant. The climax is a betrayal, and I need scarcely say who is the betrayer. It is not a promising work but an accomplished and gripping one and, for a first novel, first class.

Briefly . . . The theme of **Welensky's 4,000 Days** (Collins 36s.) is, as Sir Roy's subtitle serves to show, "The Life and Death of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland" and if you sympathise with his point of view, which he puts so cogently, and so without venom, the author's case is not simple to answer. Sir Roy is charitable even to those who have done him political dirt, and his kindness certainly extends to Mr. "Rab" Butler, who was given so difficult a role in the dissolution of all that the Federalists had built up . . . From the murk of African politics to the rural cleric of the Anglican persuasion is a big transition, and from the facts of life today to the enchantingly remote atmosphere of the watercolour on the jacket of **The English Parsonage**, by Anthony Bax (Murray 35s.) is almost as far. Mr. Bax has picked an excellent and a fresh subject for research into what, in his hands, is a blend of architecture and social history, with plenty of good character-glimpses . . . Mr. Somerset Maugham has authorized the issue of **Selected Prefaces & Introductions** (Heinemann

in *Lover man*, where the ballad influence is allowed to come to the fore.

In brief: **Full house** (Riverside) presents the top guitarist of the American jazz scene in lively swinging presentations with Johnny Griffin on tenor and Wynton Kelly on piano. The club audience takes it all in as enthusiastically as I do. His two brothers join him to complete **The Montgomery Brothers** (Vocalion) in a 1960 recording of lesser importance, though it spotlights his brilliant guitar work.

21s.) which contains wisdom and insight about writers he admires, and about his own work. He never talks less than sense, which is more than one could say of the late distinguished William Faulkner, the subject of a fraternal book of reminiscences: this is **My Brother Bill**, by John Faulkner (Gollancz 25s.). It is good of its kind . . . There are 15 stories in Gerald Kersh's **More Than Once Upon a Time** (Heinemann 21s.) and by the time one reaches "The Molosso Overcoats," which is about the art racket, one knows that the author is incapable of a tangle. Fantastic, yes; hard-boiled, certainly; vapid, never . . . **The Month of the Pearl** by Philip Jones (Heinemann 18s.) is a thriller with the opening scenes in the Baltic and the dying fall in Italy, all as swift as they come, while **The Lord Peter Omnibus** (Gollancz 16s.) includes 3 full-length Wimseys, to wit, *Unnatural Death*, *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club*, and *Clouds of Witness*. Wonderful how Dorothy Sayers kept it up. . . . **Riverside Gardening** by Mary Chaplin (Collingridge 27s. 6d.) is about the design, construction and planting of gardens which border not merely rivers but canals, mill streams and so forth. This is a strictly practical and very expert book, with many photographs of the best results. How well worth study is the layout and appearance of such gardens will be known to everyone who has punted, sculled, sailed, or merely chugged along in a motor cruiser. . . .

Finally, I must record that the splendour of **Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knighthood, & Companionship** (Kelly's Directories Ltd. 12 guineas) is as evident as ever, even in these days when peers seem as eager to disclaim their rank as claimants once were to establish it.

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on opera

J. Roger Baker / Macbetho again

Were it not for Verdi, opera houses would be in a spot to find something coincident with current taste with which to pay tribute to Shakespeare. There are of course masses of Shakespeare operas, but those which aren't archaic are just plain silly and no one came anywhere near recreating the genius of the plays in terms of music drama. Except Verdi. Covent Garden has mounted his three Shakespeare operas this year, and Glyndebourne chose *Macbeth* for their opening new production.

At this stage it needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us how fine the work is: in it Verdi hit the secret of eternal success, the ability to combine music of satisfying intellectual calibre with the ingredients of a popular hit. Only in the last scenes, when the two protagonists are dead, does the pulse they generate slacken and instead of ending with a surge of dark, tragic emotions (like *Otello* and *Aida*), the opera ends with a rather forced chorus of rejoicing which does not capture the feeling of rebirth after holocaust that the final speeches of Shakespeare's tragedies do.

So wide-ranging is our knowledge of Verdi's operas today that it still comes as a surprise to find that *Macbeth* received its first professional production in this country at Glyndebourne as recently as 1938. Older operagoers cherish memories of this not only as a revelation, but as a dynamically realised piece of theatre. I doubt if they will like the new one as much. It has been designed and directed by the team responsible for last year's brilliant *Die Zauberflöte* and that should be as good a reference as any. But Franco Enríquez' production is alarmingly variable. There are touches of brilliance: in the battle scene for example, conceived in a cinematic style that also shows off the house's new lighting scheme; and there is a splendid glimpse of Birnam Wood on the move. At other times scenes seemed to have been perversely ruined—notably the murder of Banquo, done before a long, shallow, front drop which reappears again at the end of the apparition scene, thus dividing the witches' ensemble from the Macbeths' duet in an odd, and apparently meaningless, way.

Similarly Emanuele Luzzati's designs sometimes misfire. His costumes are brilliantly conceived, but for the two scenes of ensemble he is allowed to reduce the acting area on an already small stage by as much as one-half, leaving Signor Enríquez to deploy soloists and chorus as best he may. However the scene sequence is manipulated smoothly and the final tableau completely successful on all counts.

The title role introduces a Greek baritone to this country—Kostas Paskalis. The initial impression is of a commanding stage presence, the second of a voice capable of producing a *forte* that all but drowns the best efforts of the orchestral brass. But there is musical and dramatic intelligence there too, and all combined to reveal a complete and moving characterisation. I see that the American soprano Marta Pender, who sang Lady Macbeth, has been generally praised with faint damns. She took over the part at what is, for Glyndebourne, short notice—weeks rather than hours—and her appearance cannot help in this role; she looks a jolly lady to have around a castle.

Her voice however is another matter; it is big and powerful and in the early scenes used with an utter recklessness. There is little polish as yet and consequently the *cabaletta* after her first aria and the *brindisi* were smudged. At this stage Verdi was using coloratura to express characterisation and Lady Macbeth's vocal flights can indicate her steely hard-headedness. But Miss Pender has a chilling lower register and the ability to shape a phrase meaningfully, so she scored heavily in *La luce langue* and the sleepwalking scene, this last crowned with a beautifully drawn vocal curve off-stage. Particularly good was the interaction between the two Macbeths—they are a married couple after all.

Smaller roles are, as expected, well-filled and I was pleased to see my favourite Sadler's Wells tenor, John Wakefield, being effective as Macduff. The conductor—another Glyndebourne newcomer—is Lamberto Gardelli who clearly understands Verdi if not, as yet, the orchestra he was handling on this occasion.

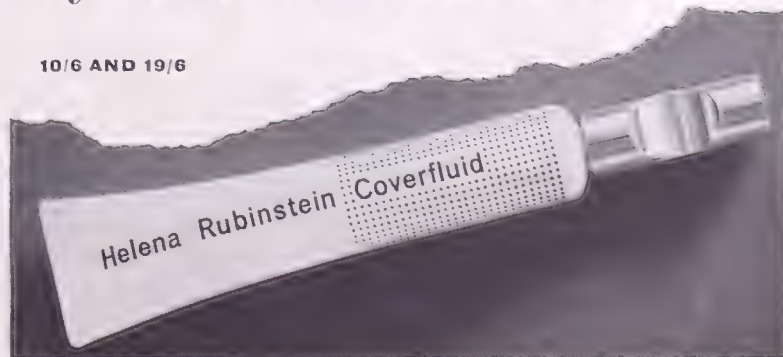


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on galleries

Robert Wraight / The seeing eye

Walking down Northumberland Avenue from Trafalgar Square one day last summer I saw a man looking through a crack in a hoarding at (presumably) building operations on the other side. Had I been alone I doubt if I would have noticed him (certainly I would not have looked twice), but I had with me L. S. Lowry who at 77 has lost none of that extraordinarily objective curiosity about human beings that invests his work with a unique quality, which is at once both cruel and touching.

"Just look at that," said Lowry (I make no attempt to indicate his rich Lancashire accent). He turned me round to stare with him at the man. "Just look at that. Isn't that marvellous? I really must paint that. Yes, I really must, as soon as I get back. What a pity I haven't a scrap of paper."

He rummaged in his pockets, without taking his eyes off the man, until I supplied him with a piece of paper. He folded it into four and made a tiny sketch (which is now on my desk as I write). The man, all unknowing, kept his eyes fastened to the crack.

When the sketch was finished we continued our walk but every few yards Lowry would say, "Wasn't that marvellous?" or "Did you ever see anything like that?" or, again and again, "Oh yes, I must make a painting of that."

Well, now the painting is done and is hanging in the exhibition of the artist's recent work at the Lefèvre Gallery. If anyone had described Lowry's peeping man to me I would have said, "Oh no, he wasn't a bit like that." But now that I have seen the painting, his quaint, clumsy-footed, bowler-hatted figure straight out of the 'twenties has completely displaced my own vaguely remembered image of a very ordinary Londoner doing a very commonplace thing.

The power to impose his vision upon us, to make us see an aspect of reality through his eyes, is one that Lowry possesses to an astonishing degree. Touring Salford and Stockport with him last year I began to feel as if he had me under hypnosis, so that everywhere I looked I saw Lowry street scenes, Lowry people, Lowry tenements, factories, cripples, beggars, dogs, perambulators,

children, churches, smokestacks, skies.

Now, if ever I go to Sunderland or South Shields or Blyth, I know exactly what I shall see, for they have largely replaced Salford and Stockport as Lowryland in recent years. Always a lonely man, Lowry feels loneliness more than ever as he gets older, and he escapes as often as he can to friends on the North-East coast. But try as he will he cannot escape the compulsion of his unique vision, and the compulsion to set that vision down on canvas.

His hand may not be as firmly disciplined as it was but he attacks as great a variety of subjects as ever—shipping teeming on Tyneside, a solitary ship making smoke during sea trials ("I thought it was on fire"), children swarming on a beach, a hundred cripples in a park, two anglers on a pier, a lone man on a deserted promenade—a lone man who looks suspiciously like himself.

Celso Lagar, an exhibition of whose drawings and watercolours is now at the Crane Kalman Gallery, was once an honoured figure of the Ecole de Paris. He arrived in Paris in 1912, when he was 21, became the friend of Modigliani (who painted his portrait), Derain and Léger, and shared exhibitions with them, Soutine, Picasso and others after the First World War. Today he languishes in a Paris mental hospital, where he has been confined since 1956 and where he was found five years ago, after a prolonged and devoted search, by London dealer André Kalman.

During those five years Kalman has dedicated himself to re-establishing Lagar's reputation. Just how worthwhile this self-imposed task is may be judged from the present show which, though it includes only minor works, reveals Lagar as an artist who was very much involved in the exciting developments that took place in European art just before, during and after the 1914-18 war.

It is a much-needed reminder, too, that the price for exalting one artist, such as Modigliani, indiscriminately, may very well be the reputations of several others who have no less, or only a little less, to offer the public.



Man looking through a hole in a fence is the title of this painting by L. S. Lowry, included in his exhibition at the Lefèvre Gallery



Victor Pasmore, who is having a one-man show at the Marlborough New London Gallery, which will continue until the end of the month

MOTORING



The Volvo 122S Saloon, a finely engineered model from Sweden

One of the few countries left in Western Europe where uncongested roads can be found is Sweden, especially along its southern coastline. I have been driving a Volvo in these parts, a car for which I have long had a keen admiration because of its rugged construction, great comfort and splendid performance.

It is indeed built first for Swedish roads which, away from the principal centres of population, are just plain earth—dusty and often rutty. Sweden is one of the biggest countries in Europe, nearly twice the size of Britain and stretching for 1,000 miles from Malmö in the south to Påltsa some 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle, but it has only about 7,000,000 inhabitants, so there is none too much money

available for road building. Yet as a motor touring ground, the southern provinces of Skåne, Blekinge and Småland, plus the islands of Öland and Gotland, offer some very beautiful scenery and a tranquil pine-clad coastline where camping enthusiasts abound. The roads, too, are well kept in this region and all the way from my starting point at Malmö, through Lund and the Swedish château country to Karlskrona and Kalmar, on the east coast, I drove on impeccable surfaces.

Most of the cars I met were Volvos, mainly the modern 122S type, like the one I was driving, with a four cylinder engine of 1,780 c.c. which, with its two carburettors, develops 90 b.h.p. This gives the car a top speed very close to 100 m.p.h. when using overdrive (it costs

an extra £72 10s.), or 90-ish m.p.h. on normal fourth gear.

In general conception there is nothing out of the ordinary in the Volvo's make-up; the engine is a straightforward overhead valve type, with pushrods, and it drives the back wheels through an all-synchromesh gearbox with central change speed lever. The construction is integral body and frame, as is usual practice today, with independent front wheel suspension (coil springs) and a rigid back axle also on coil springs. The car rides with aplomb over rough and smooth roads alike, including a few stretches of very unpleasant pavé which were encountered in the environs of some villages. At high speeds and over the more general sort of irregular surfaces the suspension proved unexpectedly soft and very comfortable; it was in every way a nice car to handle, calling for little effort on the steering wheel, even when parking.

As one of the first motor manufacturers to give real consideration to safety in cars, Volvo have for many years advocated seat belts and provided fixings for them. They also put adequate padding to the fascia panel edge and make the shelf under it collapsible on impact, while the steering wheel has a single, flat section spoke which presents the greatest possible area to the driver's chest should he be thrown against it.

From the beautiful old Baltic city of Kalmar I took my Volvo across on the car ferry to Öland, the long thin strip of land nearly 100 miles from tip to tip which has beaches galore of golden sand, crystal clear water and a plethora of small resorts, also a strange plateau in the centre on which botanical specimens unknown elsewhere in Sweden flourish. Borgholm is its one and only town. Then on to yet another island of

remarkable charm—Gotland—with the unique once-great port of Visby, a free harbour in the 12th century and a history going back to the Bronze Age. Visby still has a medieval wall and the remains of all 17 of its former churches, which jostled together and must have almost crowded out any other buildings in the Middle Ages. Today it is a quiet and rural town, with beaches that would be the ruin of the Rivas if they were only more accessible from the rest of Europe. Someone, some time, will start a car ferry service to southern Sweden, and British motorists will find a new haven of peace on the roads.

From Visby an overnight ferry runs to Nynashamn, near Stockholm, and brings one back to the hustle of today's congestion. Not, let me add, that Stockholm is anything but a most attractive city, with one of the most intelligently planned traffic interchanges to be found anywhere in Europe, and a wealth of beaches near by, including an archipelago of islands which enable the tired business man to have a villa with a superb marine view.

I recommend a trip to Sweden to the British motorist as heartily as I do the Volvo car, of which the material content is British to a considerable degree. For though the Volvo concern operates an extensive range of factories, including the most modern assembly plants and foundries, and Sweden is blessed by nature with high quality iron ore there are numerous components that have to be bought from suppliers in other countries. Britain is a major factor in Volvo car production and is becoming an increasingly important market for the car, which costs over here £1,098.18.9 and is handled by Brooklands Motors Ltd., of Bond Street.

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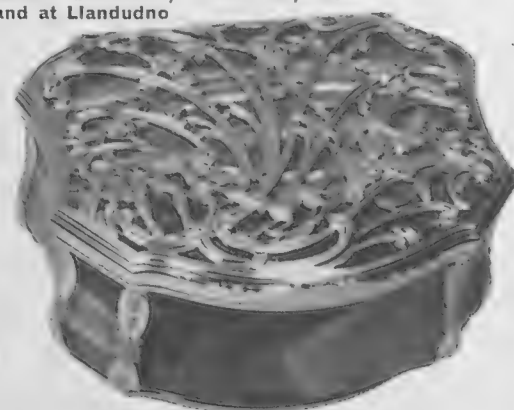
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Helen Burke / A multi-purpose pâté

DINING IN

At a recent tasting of wines and cheeses from France, one's imagination was fired even before we sampled them by the magnificent display of French specialities on the cold buffet. These included sausages from many parts of France, Pâté de Foie Gras and truffle-stuffed boned plump chicken. Surprisingly enough, perhaps, there was a Pâté de Campagne which we all know to be pieces of meat moulded in their own juices. These pâtés are gaining in favour, not only because they are much less rich than the smooth pastes but also because they are within the realm of the home kitchen and the whole family can enjoy them as a meal starter or, indeed, as the main dish of a cold meal.

One dish I have always liked is a VEAL & PORK MOULD, country-style. Buy a knuckle of veal with plenty of meat on it and ask the butcher to chop it through twice. At the same time, buy 1½ lb. of pickled streaky pork. After cutting off the meat, place the bones in a pot and cover with cold water. Cut the rind off the pork and add it. Add also 5 to 6 stalks of parsley, 2 cloves, 3 to 4 crushed peppercorns, an onion, a sprig of thyme, ½ teaspoon of celery seeds (or a stalk of celery when available), a glass of dry white wine but no salt.

Bring to the boil. Skim off the froth and remove any left on the inside of the pot with kitchen paper. Now simmer, covered, until the pork rind is very soft and the stock rich (2½ to 3 hours). Meanwhile, cut the veal into squarish ½-inch pieces and the pork into short strips. Pour a glass of Madeira over them and leave while the stock is being made.

Strain the stock and leave it to cool. Add the veal and pork with, if you like, a good pinch of ground allspice. Bring to the boil, then gently simmer, covered, until the meats are tender but not falling to pieces. By this time there should be just enough stock to allow for a little jelly all through the mould. Taste, and, if necessary, add salt to your liking. Leave to become cold but not set.

Turn the mixture into the mould or other container you have decided to use. (A loaf shape is ideal but a cake tin will do.) When it has set a little, place a piece of greaseproof paper and a weighted plate

on top. This will compress the mould and expel any bubbles. Leave overnight in the refrigerator.

When ready to serve, dip the mould into fairly hot water for a moment. Wipe it dry. Slip a thin-bladed knife down the side of the mould to allow a little air to enter and aid the turning out. Invert a serving dish on top then upend both and the mould will come out easily.

Serve with any salad you like. One which adds piquancy is the cucumber one I gave last week.

If you would like the mould to be decorated on top when turned out, here is what to do: Before adding the meats, spoon a teaspoon or so of the stock into the mould. On it arrange slices of hard-boiled egg in a circle or row with a thin slice of pimento-stuffed olive centred under each. Spoon a little more stock on top and place the mould in the refrigerator to set before adding the meats and proceeding as above. The mould can then be turned out without fear of the decoration being disturbed.

I was recently asked for a good appetizer and recommended cooked mushrooms and silver onions. They can be served together or in separate dishes.

For 4 people, you require 4 to 6 oz. of unopened white mushrooms and the same amount of peeled silver onions. Quickly wash and dry the mushrooms and cut them in halves. For this amount, pour 3 tablespoons of olive oil into a wide-based frying pan. Add 2 tablespoons of tubed tomato purée and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Gently cook the mushrooms for a minute in this mixture. Lift them out and place them in a small hors d'oeuvre dish.

Add the onions to the pan and give them a little longer cooking (2 to 3 minutes) but do not let them fry. Season with a little salt and freshly milled pepper. Transfer the onions to another dish. Sprinkle very little salt on the mushrooms and let both them and the onions become cold. Spoon the sauce over both and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

If you like it, add a crushed clove of garlic to the sauce, let it rest for a minute and then discard it. Or add a sprig of fresh thyme and a bay leaf and remove them before serving.



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Geoffrey S. Fletcher / The Scots roses (2)

ROSE GROWING

As I said in my last article, the Scots roses have a hardy nature, making them very suitable for gardens where the soil is poor and sandy and for planting in exposed situations. I might have added that this same toughness gives them a high degree of resistance to those diseases which attack more spectacular varieties.

The loosely growing, wiry nature of these Burnet roses makes them charming material for decorating a sloping bank, as the growths trail freely, perhaps rooting themselves at the tips, and spreading by their underground suckers, with a few stronger shoots pegged down. A brilliant display can be obtained with little or no trouble when the bushes are once established by judiciously cutting back here and there and having a general tidy up once a year at pruning time. *Stanwell Perpetual*, which flowers almost throughout the summer, is ideal for creating this cascading, luxurious effect; as a separate bush it tends to grow rather loose and shapeless and is difficult to harmonize with roses of a

stiffer, more upright character.

The Double Yellow Scots Briar is a choice old variety, often called Prince Charles's Rose, though, in fact, not introduced until the early 19th century. It makes a dense, freely-suckering bush of about 3-feet high, covered with buttercup yellow flowers in May. There are other yellows among the Scots Briars, for instance *Lutea Maxima*, with large single flowers and very rich in colour. Both these roses are excellent for hedges.

But finest of all, I think, is the old *William III*, with semi-double, crimson-magenta flowers. This is a rose of dwarf proportions—not much more than a foot usually—but vigorous in constitution. It has small greyish leaves and black hips in the autumn, and may be classed as a collector's piece, especially as it is now rather scarce.

It is well to make certain of the ultimate sizes to which these roses will grow, for though *William III* is neat in habit, some of the other Scots roses make large bushes within a few years.



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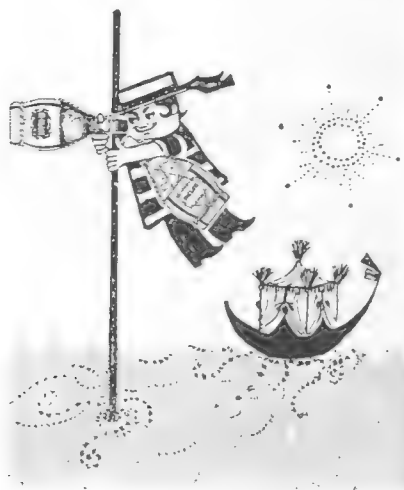
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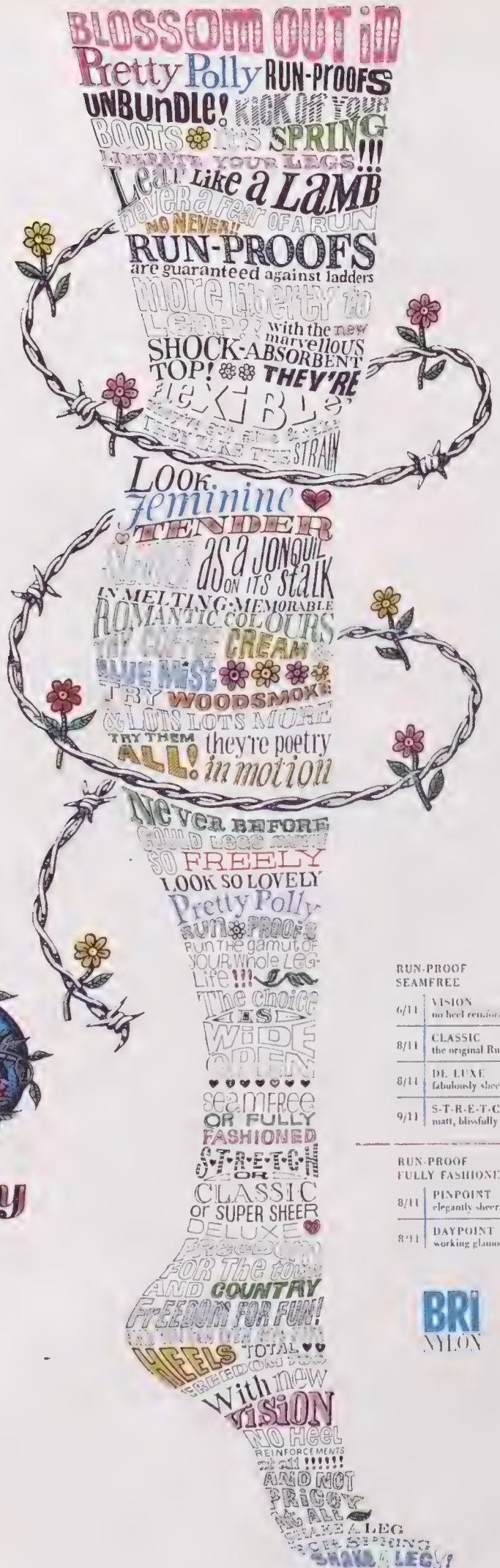
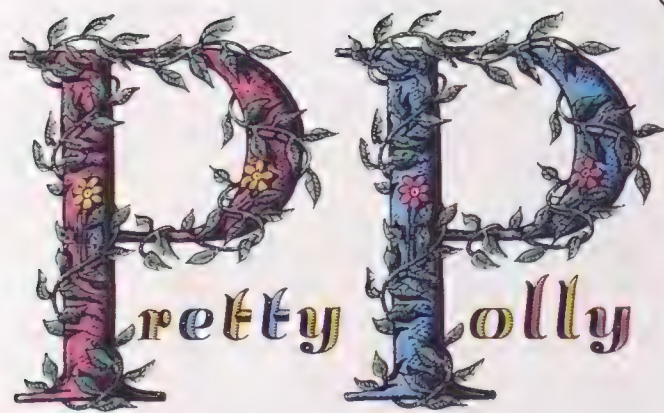
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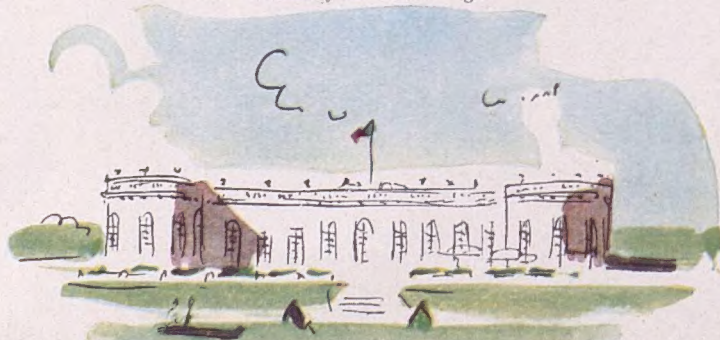
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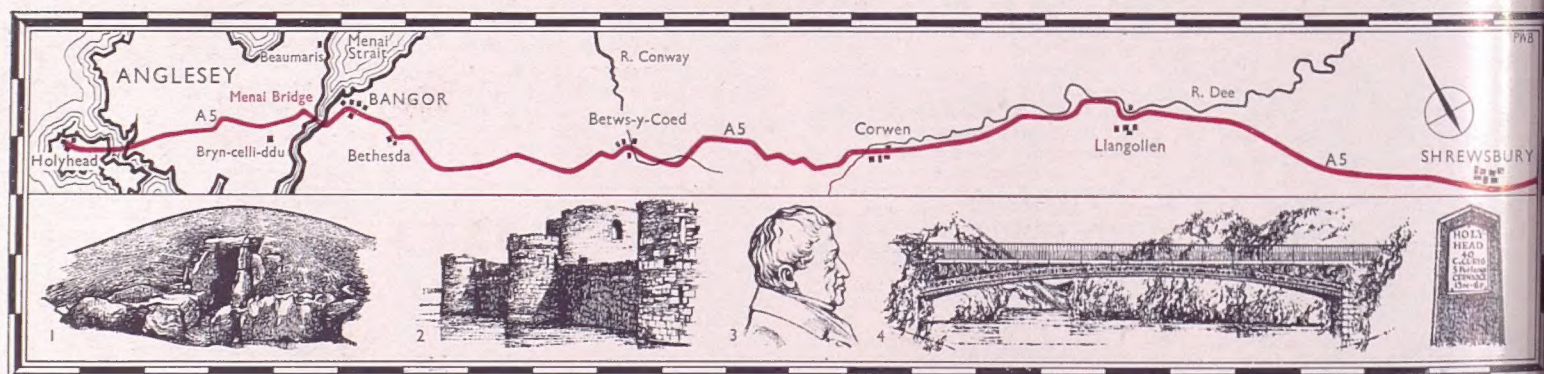
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Explore the roads of Britain with Shell



Painted by David Gentleman

THE HOLYHEAD ROAD



You could say that the Holyhead Road—the link between England and Ireland, between London and Dublin—is the whole of the A 5, from Marble Arch to Holyhead. Strictly, the first part—from Marble Arch up Edgware Road and almost to Shrewsbury—is Watling Street, the old north-west highway of the Romans. From Shrewsbury, the real Holyhead Road was modernised, and, in effect, created, by Thomas Telford (3) (1757-1834), whom Southey the poet called the Colossus of Roads (there are worse puns!). Bridges by this great engineer-architect mark the journey: Montford Bridge over the Severn, west of Shrewsbury, in red sandstone; Waterloo Bridge (4), in iron, at Betws-y-Coed; and, finally, after the road has pierced the Welsh mountains, and climbed down again, Telford's suspension bridge over the Menai Strait to Anglesey.

Travellers to Anglesey and Ireland had crossed by the Garth Ferry, near Beaumaris Castle (2) and Bangor, and there had been a long, long tale of boats overturned and passengers drowned in the tide race. Telford's bridge, two miles down the strait, took 7½ years to build. On 30th January 1826, it was opened by the Holyhead Mail Coach, which made the first crossing in a fierce gale of the kind which had so often helped to sink the ferry boats. Across the strait, the A 5 turns west through the little fields of Anglesey; giving wonderful backward views of the Snowdon range, which it has traversed, and passing the Anglesey Column (1816), which commemorates the Marquis of Anglesey, who led the cavalry and guns at Waterloo, and lost a leg. It is worth visiting the famous neolithic passage grave of Bryn-cell-ddu (1), which lies between the road and the strait.

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